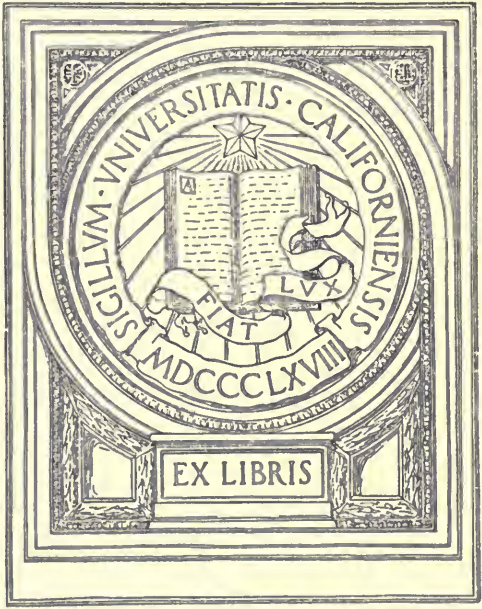
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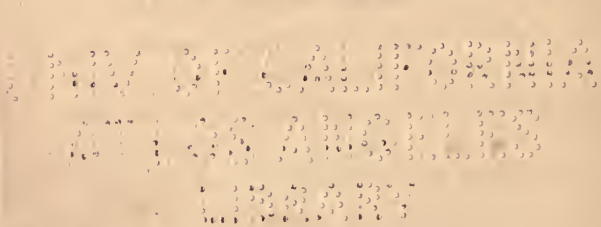
JOSEPH TRAIN,

F.S.A. SCOT.

THE ANTIQUARIAN CORRESPONDENT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY JOHN PATTERSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS OF THE PAST."



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PREFACE.

In offering to the public this Memoir of Joseph Train, the Antiquary of Galloway, the writer has no apology, convinced as he is that such a thing is unnecessary.

He must acknowledge that the materials were scanty. Many disadvantages were in the way. Had greater time been expended, and more careful research been made, the writer has no doubt but that a more minute Memoir might have been produced; but while he laments this, he begs to tender his grateful acknowledgments to those kind friends who have warmly entered into his views. Among these he is happy thus publicly to mention the names of Mr. R. W. Train, of the Inland Revenue, Greenock, and Mr. William Bennet, of Burntisland, whose assistance has been both valuable and frequent.

Trusting that this Memoir of Train may be acceptable to his many friends, and those who have read of him in connexion with Sir Walter Scott, the writer dedicates it to the world.

Kirktonholm, 14*th April* 1857.

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MEMOIR OF JOSEPH TRAIN,

F.S.A. SCOT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—JOSEPH TRAIN'S EARLY DAYS—HIS APPRENTICESHIP TO A WEAVER—ENLISTS IN THE AYRSHIRE MILITIA, 1799—HE RETURNS TO THE LOOM, 1802—HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE EXCISE.

THE taste for antiquarian research, though interesting to all, is not popular, and its votaries have very rarely received the reward of their labours. It is like every liberal and scientific undertaking, it must necessarily be confined to a few who can appreciate its resources and enthusiastically join in the pursuit. It is a science in which all men ought to be interested alike, and that deeply, for it unfolds to us all the strange doings of the past, and what appearance our world had in times gone by, together with the customs of our forefathers, which time has changed so much.

The poet and the painter have, from an admiring world, received their meed of praise; their brilliant and glowing thoughts, their fine colouring, their artistic grouping, and symmetrical proportions, have sealed to the page or life-breathing canvas our undivided attention; but the antiquary modestly retires into the background, because his dealings are not with the present but with the past. The painter records the present on his canvas; the poet, like a fearless prophet, speaks of the future with fiery and impassioned diction; the antiquary retires to some quiet retreat, and, among his hoarded relics of other years, moralizes on the past.

But we bring not these three into juxtaposition for the purpose of discarding or elevating, but for establishing an equality between them which we think they deserve.

The labours of the antiquary have been invaluable to the community, revealing a fund of knowledge highly interesting, and elucidating points of dispute in a manner ingenious yet truthful; but, for all this, like the poet he has been neglected, and his exertions repaid with ridicule and contumely. Still he complains not, but is happy in the thought, that the oar which he quietly puts into the water, renders some assistance in propelling the bark of knowledge on

its course; this thought cheers him on to greater exertions and more minute investigations of that dreamy past which to the eye of the world is dim and uncertain.

In no country is there a greater field for the investigations of the antiquary than Scotland, rich in historic memories and events unparalleled in the annals of the world. Buried deep in the ground, the relics of many a hard-fought fight have, by the antiquary, been revealed to the view, while in the cairns and mounds which abound throughout the country, Druidical remains have been brought to light, illustrative of the days when Scotland was a barbarous land, peopled by wild and savage tribes, who were continually at war with each other, and whose only delight was in blood and deeds of vengeance.

The events which occupied but a traditional and uncertain position in history, have been confirmed by antiquarian research, and are so authenticated, that they have become minor eras in the annals of our country. Nor is it only to the historian that the antiquary has confined his labours, the poet and the novelist have clothed his legendary gleanings in matchless verse and glowing imagery, rendering still more beautiful the romantic traditions of Scotland.

In no one instance has the relationship of the anti-

quary and the novelist been more exemplified than in the valuable assistance which Joseph Train, the subject of our Memoir, rendered to the man who wielded the potent sceptre of romance, the pride of Scotia, her gifted son, Sir Walter Scott.

Humble and unpretending as he was, yet still we deem him worthy of a niche in the gallery of history. Every association connected with the life of Scotland's last minstrel is nearly swept away, and only the influence of his transcendent genius remains in the hearts of his countrymen, the fittest memorial of a great man.

Those who have read the enchanting tales of Scott, and enjoyed his powerful delineations of character with appreciating zest, will be glad to hear of the man to whom the great novelist was indebted for many of the incidents related in these fascinating works of fiction. This man was Joseph Train, the antiquary, who for the period of eighteen years, enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the illustrious Scott.

In the wild districts of Galloway and Carrick, where few antiquaries had ever ventured, there were many legends of great beauty connected with the iron age of feudalism and the days of the great-hearted Bruce, which were uncelebrated except in rude and

barbarous verse; these were rescued from the oblivion to which they were fast hastening, by Joseph Train, and in the hands of the Great Novelist became more beautiful still.

Joseph Train's ancestors were, we believe, natives of Ayrshire. His father lived for many years in the capacity of land-steward on the estate of Gilminscroft in the parish of Sorn, near to the water of Ayr. It was there Joseph was born, on the 6th of November 1779. When he was eight years of age, his father, from some cause for which we are not prepared to account, left Gilminscroft and removed to the Town-head of Ayr, where he followed the occupation of a day-labourer.

Education at that period was not so easily procured as it is now, and the fact that Joseph received but a limited education, is not to be wondered at. The time which he spent at school must have been short, for we find him early apprenticed to a weaver in Ayr; and during the period of his apprenticeship manifesting a strong desire to advance in mental improvement.

In the intervals of labour, and after his toil was finished for the day, he was drinking deep at that fountain of knowledge from which the disadvantages of his position originally debarred him, and planning

schemes for the future, by which he might attain an intelligent position among men. But we have no doubt that notwithstanding all the perseverance with which the poor lad was endowed, his progress must have been anything but satisfactory, and many doubts and fears would necessarily intrude to disquiet and discourage him; how could it be otherwise? he had no pilot to direct his course, and no sympathizing spirit to cheer him on, and strengthen his resolution. We say this, from the fact that it was the general belief at that time among the peasantry of Scotland, that education only engendered idle and discontented habits, at variance with their humble walk in life; a fallacy which we rejoice to say the same class in our day do not entertain.

But notwithstanding all the hindrances which popular prejudice, fallacies, and dogmatic ideas, threw in the humble student's path; though he was branded with the epithet of dreamer, and shunned by those of his own class as a dangerous individual, we find him possessed of a great amount of general information unknown to many who were his superiors in rank; and this, in spite of vulgar prejudice, as Cobbett says, never fails to give a man a certain degree of influence in the world. We are informed, that ere he had reached his twentieth year, he had

made considerable progress in the study of antiquity, and begun those researches for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished.

Situated as Joseph Train was, we cannot conceive anything more noble than his ambition to advance in the pursuit of knowledge, facing many difficulties, and in the midst of poverty, and, we have no doubt, sometimes privation, standing forth a man determined to conquer, and grasp the glorious prize of honour which is the reward of the thirster after knowledge. A man may, inspired with a courage which is more than human, rush onward against the enemy of his country, and deal death and destruction at every blow, fired by a kind of maniac enthusiasm, which receives from an applauding world the name of heroism. But he who determines to become a self-made man, has more of real heroism than he who wins his honours in the battle-field.

The high moral courage which animates the mind of the student, is a source of far more real satisfaction to him than the heroism which fires the heart of the soldier. Patient amidst a host of difficulties which are often the lot of the poor, the great-hearted enthusiasm of a noble mind was the innate characteristic of Joseph Train, sympathizing with his peers in their struggle for wherewithal to maintain life, and adding

his scanty earnings to the scantier pittance which an aged father was receiving for the nerveless labour of declining years—in all forming but a meagre allowance for the wants of the family.

With so many obstacles in the path, it is no great cause for wonder that there are so few of that class to which Joseph Train belonged, inclined, irrespective of position, to rise. No wonder that we find the peasant class in many instances not possessed with the ordinary activity of human beings. Alas! we find even to this day in our own dear Scotland, sufficient evidence of the tyranny of the superior, as he looks with contempt on the man who makes him what he is, who scorns the man who is flesh and blood like himself, and delights in making heavier the chains that bind the peasant to his lot. But we turn from the class, and speak of one who rose by his own exertions superior to that class.

In 1799, the cogent exigencies of war called forth the dormant energies of the country gentlemen of Ayrshire; and, accordingly, at the demand of the Crown, a local militia was in the course of being organized. This was done by ballot, a proceeding in which the inhabitants no way concurred. Many were drawn for the militia who regarded serving in the local corps as little better than being pressed and

sent into regular service. Many were the complaints which the honest sons of the soil, who were so unlucky as to be drawn, sent forth ; but these murmurings were of no avail, unless they could, by paying a large sum of money, procure a substitute. Among this unfortunate class was James Stevenson, farmer in the Erroch, in the parish of Carsphairn. James had despondingly sought for a substitute for many days in vain, until he was about to resign himself to his fate, and become a servant of His Majesty, when Joseph Train, either from pity to the honest man, or from a desire to leave an employment which he did not like, took the bounty which the farmer offered, and became a private in the Ayrshire Militia. So James Stevenson returned to his muirland farm in peace, and Joseph donned the regimentals in his stead.

The stipulated time of service was three years, or during the time of the war. In the regiment Joseph was distinguished for his quiet demeanour and studious habits, which did not escape the observation of the Colonel, Sir David Hunter Blair, who marked his unassuming worth. The intervals of duty were spent at his wonted studies, and when his comrades were whiling away their time, or engaged in drunken brawls, he was in some retired spot reading some page of

legendary lore, for his taste for the past and all its wonders was then beginning to be formed.

The impassioned strains of Burns were relished by him with fond delight, and at the radiant blaze of the poet's genius, the simple Train had lighted his humble torch; not the wish to be a poet (for, alas, there were in his days, as well as ours, many unworthy of the name), but the bursting forth of the flood of fancy which fills the soul, constitutes the poet. It was even so with him, he admired his native land, and in pleasing verse sang of the past.

While the militia were stationed at Inverness, he was anxious to procure Currie's edition of the works of Burns, which was printed at Liverpool that year (1800). In order to accomplish his object, he resolved to save every farthing he could possibly scrape together, and with that resolution he became a subscriber for the work.

The volume, when lying at the bookseller's, previous to delivery, was seen by Sir David Hunter Blair, who, on expressing a wish to have it, was astonished when he was informed that it was for one of his men. He was so well pleased with this honest ambition in Train, that he gave directions that the work should be handsomely bound, and sent to him free of charge.

A love for everything that was Scottish, was the

chief characteristic of Joseph Train—an enthusiasm in the investigation of the ancient manners and customs of his native land, which continued through life. The romance with which the past is enveloped had no doubt its influence in forming the tastes of the youthful antiquary. Be that as it may, we are fully assured that from his early days, he was more devoted to crooning over old ballads, than the occupation which he nevertheless sedulously followed.

At the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, the Ayrshire militia were disbanded, and Joseph returned to his labour at the loom in Ayr, reluctantly, we doubt not, but with the resolution to win an honest livelihood: pursuing a calm course of labour and study, everything went smoothly and noiselessly along until love stepped in and disturbed the calm of his life, by whispering that there was a dear one on the earth every way fitted to make his humble home a paradise. This was Mary Wilson, the daughter of poor but honest parents, who resided near Ayr. After a rather protracted courtship they were united, and Joseph never had reason to regret this union, for after years proved that she was all he could wish, the loving wife, the agreeable companion, and the judicious adviser.

Early and late he is found at the loom, conscious that he has other wants to provide for besides his

own, yet still inspired by the great-hearted resolution of knowing more and advancing in the study of the past, and in some measure following his darling pursuits.

The friend who, during the time he served in the militia, had marked him as a man who was superior to his position, and had been in search of him ever since the militia was disbanded, now found him. He entered the weaving-shop one day, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton of Bellisle, a gentleman distinguished for his great public spirit, and his friendly aid to the deserving. On seeing Joseph at the loom, they both expressed their regret at seeing him at such an employment, and in such a place. "What, gentlemen," says Joseph, "you would not have me to be idle?"—"You are right," rejoined Sir David, "you are right in showing such a spirit of industry, but for the future we will look to you. The loom must be thrown aside for something more congenial to your tastes and inclinations; leave it for brainless pates and silly old men; you must not waste your days at such an occupation. What say you to become a gauger? I confess it is no very pleasing occupation, but, candidly speaking, it is the only one worthy of your acceptance at present, and I think my interest can procure you that."

Joseph thankfully accepted the kind offer of Sir

David, and they departed to put their plans into execution, he to communicate this anticipated change to Mary. A few months after he had the satisfaction of being appointed an excise-officer in the Ayr district, which was at that time under the supervision of a Mr. Gillies, whose memory our antiquary ever cherished with fond recollection.

CHAPTER II.

PUBLISHES POETICAL REVERIES—PRIDE HAS DUNG THE KINTRA WRANG—HE REMOVES TO BALNAGUARD NEAR ABERFELDY, 1810—NARROW ESCAPE FROM A PARTY OF SMUGGLERS—IS APPOINTED TO LARGS, 1811—PURSUES HIS RESEARCHES THERE WITH GREAT SUCCESS—LORD LYLE—REMOVES TO NEWTON-STEWART, 1813—PUBLISHES STRAINS OF THE MOUNTAIN MUSE—ELCINE DE AGGART—BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT—MAGGIE OSBURN—THE WEIRD WOMAN'S REVENGE—HER FATE.

BURNS, the mighty minstrel who sung in passionate strains of the beauties of Scotland and his own native Coila, had sunk into an untimely grave, but the influence of his wondrous verse was working its way into the hearts of all throughout the land. His genius had made popular a dialect, which was regarded as barbarous and fast becoming obsolete, and all who possessed a single spark of poetic fire were singing in the simple and expressive Doric of Caledonia.

Many instances can be shown of poets bursting

into song after drinking deep at the gushing stream of rich thoughts, which some master-mind has poured forth—of becoming inspired when they have tasted the distilled inspiration of transcendent genius. This was the case with Joseph Train, who, although he possessed little which may assimilate him to the great bard, yet it is evident that Burns must have been his study.

It is not our wish to place the two men on a relative footing,—it would not be doing justice to the memory of either; but we speak of them not in the language of comparison, but of association. Burns was the great high-priest of song, standing forth singing of the present and the future in matchless verse—Train modestly chanting the wild legends and traditionary memories of the past like some bird in a solitary muirland glen, unheard except by some casual wanderer.

In 1806, his first volume, entitled *Poetical Reveries*, was published in Glasgow, and Train, in remembrance of kindness of no common nature, dedicated it to Sir David Hunter Blair, the man whose friendship and interest had made him, as far as worldly matters went, what he was. This little volume, though far from being worthy of its author, still shows in bold relief the antiquarian bias of his mind. Though faulty, there are many beauties in it worthy of trea-

suring regarding the past; and at that time, we may add, they were favourably received by the public. We give the following as a specimen :—

PRIDE HAS DUNG THE KINTRA WRANG.

To rest a moment ruthless war
His gory sword has sheathed at last,
An' Britain's fame stan's higher far
Than e'er it did in ages past.
But was it for an empty name
We tholed the wasting tug sae lang?
'Twill be recorded to our shame
That pride has dung the kintra wrang.

Loud peals each other nation's joy
To see the stranger Peace return,
And why alone should Britain sigh?
And why alone should Britain mourn?
O'er a' her hills an' valleys green
Is felt destruction's deadly pang;
An' could she in this plight be seen,
Had pride na dung the kintra wrang.

Our fathers quaffed the limpid spring,
An' slumbered in the mossy cave,
The shaft sent from the sounding string
Supplied the banquet which they gave.
Ah! could our sires look doun an' see
Hoo braw their young descendants gang,
In dolour they would a' agree
That pride has dung the kintra wrang.

Against the universe in arms,
The Queen of Isles has nobly stood,
An' noo the sound of war's alarms
Is hushed in battle-field and flood.

But a' her siller, well-a-day!
Is scattered foreign boors amang,
Wha will, for a', exult and say,
That pride has dung this kintra wrang.

In his situation in the Ayr district he remained four years, and at the end of this time he was removed to Balnaguard, near Aberfeldy, to assist in the suppression of the illicit distillation at that time carried on to a great extent in the district of Breadalbane, openly and in the face of all opposition.

The situation of revenue officers employed in the suppression of this traffic was, in the highest degree, hazardous, for it was carried on by men, who, despising all laws, scrupled not at any crime so that they might attain their unlawful ends. The smuggler was prepared for all emergencies, and either in revenge for some former interference on the part of the officers, or to get out of some present scrape, he thought as little of murder as he did of making whisky. In this district, Train made good use of any spare time he had (which we may suppose was but little, when we consider the arduous nature of his duties), in collecting many traditions which were floating in the neighbourhood, and which were afterwards of great use to him in many ways.

An adventure which he had with the smugglers at

this time peculiarly illustrates the dangers to which he was exposed. One day, having no official duty to perform, he set out across the hills to where a Highland Gathering was that day to be held. This was what Joseph of all things wished most to see; but how often do we find our most commonplace expectations balked! He did not reach the gathering, for coming suddenly on a deep glen which lay along his track, he espied a gang of smugglers who were busily pursuing their nefarious operations in the dell below. On perceiving the gauger they made directly for where he was. Judging that their intentions towards him would be of no peaceful nature, he took to his heels in a homeward direction, but he was soon overtaken; some of them were for administering condign punishment upon the spot, but others, who had previously been in his power, and had experienced kind treatment at his hands, would not allow him to be injured, so he was marched down to the bottom of the glen where two stills were at work. He was placed between two of the party, who were armed,—the one with a *Queen Anne*, which he took care to load with great formality in his presence; the other with a rusty claymore, which, they said, had killed several king's men on the haughs of Cromdale. There he was detained until the whole contents of the

stills were wrought off. This done, and the spirits and utensils removed, he was set at liberty, so late in the evening, that it was with considerable difficulty he reached Balnaguard. That he was a favourite among the smugglers there is not a doubt, even although he was a vigilant and most efficient officer. So much so, that the jealousy of his equals, and the danger which his superiors thought might arise from his not being of that *fire-eating* nature (the peculiar characteristic of the efficient revenue-officer), caused him to be removed from Aberfeldy district in the spring of 1811, and appointed to the Largs district. This was an agreeable change to him, the situation being less dangerous, and the locality more congenial to his tastes than even Aberfeldy had been, principally on account of the antiquarian associations with which Largs is abundantly stored.

In his boyish days he had become well acquainted with the middle portions of the county of Ayr, and his residence at Largs gave him a knowledge of the northern sections of it which he had not previously acquired. For a period of two years he was allowed to remain in that, to him, pleasing locality, employing all his leisure moments, which, when we consider his arduous duties, no doubt were but few, in collecting legends and incidents connected with the sanguinary

conflict which ended in the defeat of the Norwegian Haco, when he came to vanquish, deeming that he had the power to crush the kingdom of Scotland.

In one of his letters to a friend, he gives an account of a sporting character who had obtained considerable celebrity in the West; it is as follows:—

"Largs, 14*th August* 1811.

"Since my appointment to Largs Ride, I have become acquainted with, whom do you think? no less a personage than Lord Lyle, whose single match, some twenty years ago on Ayr race-course, with the Duke of Hamilton in person, is yet, I daresay, memorable in the annals of the turf. You know his Lordship kept at that time a pack of harriers, and the finest stud in Ayrshire, but ah! what a change has come over him since. His only residence now is a small garret-room above a weaver's shop, at Millport, in the Isle of Cumbrae. I was introduced to him at this unaristocratic and unseemly abode by Brown the tidewaiter at this port, who, you may remember, was formerly in Ayr. His Lordship was seated on a *buffet-stool* at his dining-table, if an old broken-backed chair supporting a herring and a few potatoes might be so called. He rose as we entered the room, and while we remained, spoke freely of the extent to

which smuggling of foreign produce from ships passing up the Clyde to Greenock is at present carried on. He said Mr. A., the parish minister of Cumbrae, was a pusillanimous varlet, having, for several years past, purchased smuggled wine from the sailors of these vessels for his sacramental occasions, and that, on one occasion, his stock was so small, that when the vessel happened to be detained beyond her time, the sacrament was postponed until the accustomed supply was obtained from on board.

"His Lordship laid down a very plausible, and, I think, effectual plan for intercepting the wine when in transit from the shore to the manse, but I did not find it convenient to attend to the directions offered on this subject."

Little is known of this unfortunate nobleman, but there is no doubt but that he died in obscurity and misery, the fruits of early extravagance and dissipation.

In 1813, from Largs he was removed to Newton-Stewart in Galloway, and as his survey extended over the greater part not only of Upper and Lower Galloway, but also a considerable part of Carrick, we may conclude he was not idle. "Few parts, even in the North Highlands of Scotland," he remarks in his personal memoranda, "present a greater variety of

savage scenery than that of the borders of Galloway and Ayrshire, and, with the exception of the store-farmers who are generally shrewd and intelligent, the simplicity of the people corresponds with the wildness of the country."

In this primitive district Train gathered many interesting traditions of bygone days, then only confined to a few who were fast becoming fewer. These, with others, which had been collected in the various places in which he had sojourned, were woven into verse and published, in the early part of 1814, by Ballantyne of Edinburgh, with the title of *Strains of the Mountain Muse.* This little volume was well received by the public, and was destined to give a permanent direction to the researches of the author. Some of the proof-sheets of the work when in course of publication were seen by Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, who was fast rising to fame; he was so pleased with them that he wrote immediately to the author desiring him to place his name on the subscription list for several copies. Train, flattered by the commendation of one so distinguished, lost no time in forwarding the book, when ready, to the gifted minstrel. This led to a correspondence between Train and Sir Walter, which was carried on until the death of the latter.

Sir Walter wrote to Newton-Stewart on receipt of the book just as he was setting out on his memorable tour to the Hebrides. The ballad of Elcine de Aggart pleased him much, and, in his genial way, suggested an improvement in one of the lines of that poem. The legend is popular in Ayrshire, and is something like the following :—

At the time when the Invincible Armada fitted out by the Spanish Government against Great Britain was overtaken by a violent hurricane, and, as is well known, was wrecked among the Hebrides, or on the western shores of Scotland, Elcine de Aggart, an aged woman who was honoured in Carrick with the title of witch, sat on a rock near Turnberry Castle with a ball of blue yarn in her hand, and unwound it as some of the Spanish ships came in sight, and as she unwound, their danger became more imminent, till, at last, they sunk under the mystic spell of the weird sister. This supposed witch Train calls Elcine de Aggart, and such is the name by which she was known; but some are of opinion that she was none other than the weird woman who was generally known under the more familiar name of Margaret Osburn, the Ayrshire witch. Though we have no faith in either witches or witchcraft, yet this legend, and such as this, illustrate the superstitions of other years.

We give the legend as Train expresses it :—

ELCINE DE AGGART.

Why gallops the palfrey with Lady Dunure?
Who takes away Turnberry's kine from the shore?
Go tell it in Carrick, and tell it in Kyle,
Although the proud Dons are now passing the Moil;
On this magic clue,
That in fairyland grew,
Old Elcine de Aggart has taken in hand
To wind up their lives ere they win to our strand.

That Heaven may favour this grand armament
Against us poor heretic islanders sent,
From altars a thousand, though frankincense fly,
Though ten thousand chapel-bells peal in the sky;
By this mystical clue,
Made when elf-land was new,
Old Elcine de Aggart will all countermand,
And wind up their lives ere they come to our strand.

They bring with them nobles our castles to fill,
They bring with them ploughshares our manors to till,
They likewise bring fetters our barons to bind,
Or any whom they may refractory find;
But this magical clue
Of the indigo blue,
Which few like De Aggart could e'er understand,
Will baffle their hopes ere they win to our strand.

Was ever the sprite of the wind seen to lour
So dark o'er the Clyde as in this fatal hour?
Rejoice every one may to see the waves now,
Each ship passing o'er from the poop to the prow;
With this mystical clue,
Made when elf-land was new,
Who will not give praise in her own native land,
To Elcine de Aggart for guarding the strand?

Come back on your palfrey, my Lady Dunure,
Go bring back old Turnberry's kine to the shore;
And tell it you may over Carrick and Kyle,
The last ship has sunk by our good Lady's isle;
And with such a clue
Of the indigo blue
Old Elcine de Aggart has at her command,
A foreign foe never shall come to our strand.

Train was particularly well versed in the superstitions, spells, and mystic lore of Scottish *diablerie*—all the reputed weird women, from the days of Thomas the Rhymer (who, we suspect, must be included in the same category) to that of Margaret Osburn, were familiar to him. His account of the latter personage, who veritably had an existence, we append, hoping it may not be uninteresting to our readers :—

" Of all the weird women said to have infested Galloway and Ayrshire, none of their vindictive actions are so well remembered as those of Maggie Osburn, who appears to have been the most malicious, revengeful mortal ever having the most distant resemblance to a human being.

" Being a natural daughter of the warlock Laird of Fail, her father took great care in instructing her in all the principles of the black art, for which he himself was so famous. Upon the death of her mother, Maggie took upon herself the management of the public-house in Ayr, which her mother had for-

merly kept, and continued in this employment for upwards of fifty years. During this time she frequently made excursions into Galloway, most of them during the silent watches of the night, when she played her pranks on the simple inhabitants of the district.

"The course she generally took was over the Carrick hills. The track is still pointed out by the neighbouring peasantry as '*Maggie's gate to Galloway.*' They affirm that owing to the witch having so many attendants of devils and devil's imps, the heat of their feet was so great that it burned the earth in such a manner that no grass will grow on it from that day to this.

"One evening as Maggie was passing over the Nick of the Balloch, seeing a large funeral approach, and being afraid that she might be discovered by some of the mourners, many of whom had good cause to know her, in consequence of her having played her cantrips upon them, she suddenly changed herself into the form of a large beetle, and went creeping along the side of the road lest she should be trampled upon by some of the crowd. She escaped very narrowly; one of the men set his foot upon her, but she, being in a hollow, was safe. The man who thus unwittingly placed her in such jeopardy, she

strove with all her art to ruin; but being a very pious person, she never could get him in her power, until one evening he forgot to say grace before supper, his good angel deserted him, and the witch obtained permission to roll a large wreath of snow from the mountain immediately behind the house upon him and his family, ten in number, who thus fell a victim to the fury of the weird woman.

"This melancholy catastrophe was not sufficient to glut her revenge. One son of the unfortunate man escaped the fate of his parents by being on a visit to a friend in some of the Highland Isles, but she was resolved to sacrifice him likewise to her resentment.

"As soon as she understood that he had returned in a vessel to the Bay of Ayr, she shut herself up in a garret of her house, in which no other person was allowed to enter.

"Before confining herself in the garret, she desired her servant-girl to put some water in the mash-tun, and set an ale-cap to sail in it, and then place herself at the foot of the garret stair to await the commands of her mistress. The maid having fulfilled these orders, and having taken her station at the place appointed by Maggie, where she remained a considerable time, until she was desired to go down to the brewhouse and see in what part of the tun the cup

was sailing, and if there were any ripples on the surface of the water.

"The girl did so, and returned, saying the bicker was in the centre of the tun, rocking with the ripples on the water. 'That will do,' said Maggie, 'but in a few minutes you must return to the brewhouse, and bring the particulars as before.'

"The young woman again, according to the directions of her mistress, went to the brewhouse, where she found the water rising in waves over the lip of the tun, and the bicker dashing from one side to the other with the rapidity of lightning. She informed Maggie of this, and that she also heard like the cries of people drowning. 'They will cry long ere I pity them,' replied the witch; 'but go again;' the girl went and found the water unagitated, and the bicker nowhere to be seen. Maggie, on being informed of this, came from her garret, and, with a grim smile, said, 'The devil has served me weel for ance.'

"The representation of the bicker in the tun was the vessel in the bay, in which was the devoted youth. It is said that during the time she was confined in the garret there was a dreadful hurricane, and a vessel was seen tossing to and fro at the mercy of the waves, and latterly dashed to pieces on the Nicholas Rock at the bar of Ayr. All on board

perished, and among the number the farmer of Farden's son."

Another anecdote of Maggie will be sufficient to show the depravity of her nature.

"After quarrelling with her servant about some trifling affair, she caused her to brew at night. About the 'witching hour,' a number of cats came jumping into the brewhouse, and immediately began to fight. One of the largest took a spring into the girl's neck with great force, evidently with the intention of tumbling her into a cooler newly filled with boiling worts; but the girl being in the act of taking the worts out of a boiler with a ladle, scattered the boiling liquor among them, and by no means sparing the one who jumped upon her back. After they had all received their portion, they, without much ceremony, made a quick exit, making a most hideous noise.

"Maggie not rising at her usual time next morning, the girl became somewhat suspicious that her mistress was one of the cats recently scalded in the brewhouse, and to make herself more certain, went to her mistress's bedroom to inquire the cause of her confinement; but Maggie obstinately refusing to give her any satisfaction, she became determined, and, pulling the blankets off her mistress, plainly perceived her back covered with blisters, which she

naturally concluded to be the effect of the boiling worts. This circumstance having reached the knowledge of the magistrates, Maggie was imprisoned and tried for witchery, and, on her own confession, sentenced to be burned at a place called the Pricely Knowe, near Ayr.

"While Maggie was in prison, the devil is said to have visited her, and to have voluntarily offered to assist her in escaping from the hold of her persecutors. Her liberation was to be effected by means of two pewter plates that were new and never had been wet, which upon her using as wings at the place of execution, would instantly raise her from the earth, at which time Satan would conceal her in the smoke of her funeral pile, and carry her away to a place of safety. Early on the morning of her execution all the neighbouring clergy assembled round the unfortunate criminal to assist in the last acts of devotion. Maggie appeared very penitent before the divines, and said if they would furnish her with two pewter plates that never had been wet, she would at the place of execution, not only convince the world that her own sentence was just, but for the good of religion, would reveal the actions of other witnesses and participators in her awful spells, who were equally deserving to suffer for their crimes. The ministers instantly con-

sented, and as the procession began to move, a Crown-officer was despatched for the plates, but as he was returning in great haste he unfortunately let one of them fall, in consequence of which it had become wet. The officer thinking there could be little difference between a plate that had never been wet and one that had been a little so, and afterwards well dried, proceeded with the plates—the ministers, with permission of the magistrates, presented the plates to Maggie, immediately before she was tied to the stake. She received them joyfully, and immediately by some of her arts, affixed them to her shoulders, and in the full hope of her succeeding began to ascend, but the plate which had been wet flapped like a broken wing, and afforded her so little help, that before she could ascend many feet from the earth, one of the guards hooked his halbert in her petticoat and pulled her down again. By this fatal accident Maggie's last hope was frustrated.

" She was instantly bound to the stake, and as the flames of the fagot were rapidly ascending around her, she reproached the devil, who seemed to stand at her side,—

" 'Oh ye fause loon, instead o' a black goun ye hae gi'en me a red ane ; ha'e I deserved this for serving ye sae lang?'"

CHAPTER III.

BEGINS TO CORRESPOND WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT—SENDS SIR WALTER INFORMATION RESPECTING TURNBERRY CASTLE—ALSO ABOUT KING'S CASE—CAPTAIN JAMES DENNISTOUN SENDS HIM THE MAZER OR DRINKING-CUP USED BY THE LEPERS THERE—PROJECTED HISTORY OF GALLOWAY—GABERLUNZIES COME AND TELL HIM OLD STORIES—DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Sir Walter Scott, in his second letter to Train, professed his ignorance of Galloway traditions, and knowing that there was no district in Scotland so plentifully stored with them, he requested him to let him hear of any of which he might be possessed. The answer which he received was so satisfactory, that he wrote again, asking, as "an especial" favour, that Train would send him some information concerning Turnberry Castle, for a work in which he was at that time engaged. Our antiquary, although he had climbed "Brown Carrick Hill" in his boyhood, and traversed the shores of that district of Ayrshire

often, yet, as the giddiness of youth, though susceptible of every impression, cannot be trammelled with the minutiæ of distances and places, with so much exactness as is required for the recording of facts, he could not depend on recollection, so he accordingly set out from Newton-Stewart to Ayrshire to collect all the information he possibly could on the subject. This was for materials for *The Lord of the Isles*, in which Sir Walter was at that time engaged. The information furnished was acknowledged by Sir Walter in his notes to that work, and is as follows :—

"The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was the work of supernatural agency, unassisted by any mortal being, and it is said that for several centuries the flame rose yearly at the same hour of the same night in which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle. That this superstition is very ancient, may be believed from the fact, that the place where the fire is said to have appeared, has been called *Bogles Brae* beyond the recollection of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of the land was then unknown, and that a spunkie (Jack o'

Lanthorn) could not have been seen across the Firth between the Ayrshire coast and Arran."

Notwithstanding the great assiduity which Train displayed in assisting the Great Minstrel in elucidating legendary facts, intended to be interwoven in immortal verse, he was always at his duty, nor was it generally known that he in any way engaged in literary pursuits; had it been known, he would have been marked as one likely to forget his duty for other and more frivolous pursuits unconnected with his profession as a revenue-officer, and this would have materially injured him in the estimation of the revenue authorities.

The question may be asked, why Joseph Train gave all the interesting legends and traditions which he collected to Scott, when, in his own hands, they might have added much to his fame and fortune? The answer is the foregoing reason which we have adduced; he had too great solicitude for his wife and family to embark so largely into the sea of literature; prudential motives, highly commendable, were the obstacles which deterred him from embarking in an undertaking so precarious, and on forming that resolution, he resolved to devote all his leisure time to the furtherance of Sir Walter's views.

About this time he supplied his patron with much

valuable information relative to the establishment of King's Case, near Ayr, which had been endowed by Bruce for the maintenance of persons afflicted with a scorbutic disease, which was at that time called leprosy. The circumstances which led Bruce to endow this place was his being cured of a cutaneous affection, by drinking of a medicinal spring situated about a mile from the place alluded to. In his gratitude, he founded a Dominican monastery, and caused houses to be built in the neighbourhood for the maintenance of eight persons afflicted with diseases similar to his own. This was put in force, and donations were exacted from the neighbouring landholders to maintain this establishment. The ruins of the monastery are now level with the ground, and King's Case exists but in name.

Train had the good fortune to obtain one of the mazers, or drinking-cups used by the lepers of King's Case, and it formed one of the earliest contributions to the museum of Sir Walter, with whom it was an object of great interest. These drinking-cups were presented by Bruce to the establishment, and they became hereditary in the house to which they were first granted.

The district over which Train travelled was totally isolated, from the inaccessible nature of the

ground, from all intercourse with the more inland shires, and except a few thiggers and gaberlunzies, and in the summer a wandering chapman, by a "far out time," the inhabitants saw little of the great world from which they were excluded,—they were necessarily ignorant, and consequently superstitious. One anecdote is related by Train, in his Memoranda, to illustrate the ignorance of the people in these wild localities. He says that it was second-hand when he got it, nor does he vouch for the truth thereof. Let us not be blamed for irreverence if we quote it :—

"A bookman, striving to pass the country in a direct line from Benyellarie to Knocknallion, when at the *Backhill of the Bush*, called at the herd's house, and finding the gudewife at home, offered her for sale *The Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ*. 'Hech, sirs,' said she, 'is that man dead?'—'Dead!' exclaimed the man in astonishment at her ignorance, 'I thought every person knew that he was dead lang syne.'—'Hoo could we hear that,' rejoined the matron, 'when we dinna get the newspapers here.'" So much for these days of ignorance.

But these people, though ignorant in the extreme, were kind and hospitable, and many a long winter night Train spent by their firesides, listening to

their wild and superstitious tales of the past, and storing them up for future use. His enthusiasm in the collecting of old ballads and legends became so well known, that every one who had any old story, related it to the gauger; and all the gaberlunzies and wandering beggars in that, and the adjoining shire, resorted to Newton-Stewart to recite to him any old tale they might be in possession of.

Some time after Train's settling at Newton-Stewart, he became intimately acquainted with Captain James Dennistoun, the ingenious author of *Legends of Galloway*, and editor of the ancient Gallovidian ballad of *Craignilder*. In Captain Dennistoun he found a congenial spirit, a man of sterling uprightness, whose friendship was a valuable acquisition. Their tastes and inclinations were, for the most part, the same, and on this account they formed the resolution of writing conjunctly a History of Galloway. Acting on this resolution, they got circulars printed and sent to all the schoolmasters and parish-clerks in the south of Scotland, requesting them to furnish answers to the queries therein printed, concerning the existence of camps, Roman forts, and every object which might serve to illustrate the manners and customs of remoter ages. The communications which they received from many sources were full and ex-

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plicit, throwing great light upon subjects which, till then, had been enveloped in misty obscurity, so that they were soon in possession of abundance of materials for writing a complete history. But the idea was soon abandoned on account of the labour which it would necessarily have demanded,—a labour which neither the one nor the other was in a position to bestow upon it, apart from the more important duties of his occupation.

To Train's connexion with Sir Walter we may attribute partly his disinclination to engage in such a task, for all the leisure he could possibly have from his arduous profession, was devoted to his interests. Indeed, we have his own words for the support of such an assertion, for, in his personal memoranda, he says, "From the day I became acquainted with Sir Walter, the ambition of authorship was superseded by a desire to serve the great novelist."

Captain Dennistoun, on the other hand, we presume, did not wish to engage in such an undertaking himself, unassisted by the superior tact of Train, so the affair fell to the ground. About this time the Synod-book of Galloway, which had been lost for many years, was found by Train, and this afforded him much useful information; but the clergy, on learning that it had been found, became clamorous

for the restoration of the long-lost volume, and even threatened to resort to legal measures unless it was delivered over to their keeping. This Train complied with, though not before he had collected therefrom as much information as suited his purpose. The greater part of the communications received from the schoolmasters and parish-clerks were very valuable, and were (seeing that there was no other use for them) forwarded to Sir Walter from time to time. One, Train mentions particularly, was from Mr. Broadfoot, teacher at the clachan of Penningham, author of the celebrated song *The Hills of Galloway*, and several poems on traditionary subjects : it was signed "Clashbotham." This facetious gentleman was the prototype of the celebrated Jedediah of Gandercleugh, and, like him, drank the "mountain dew" with the exciseman and the landlord, not at the *Wallace Inn* at Gandercleugh, but at the sign of the *Shoulder of Mutton* in Newton-Stewart.

Not only do we find Train exerting himself to the utmost in supplying Sir Walter with much valuable information relative to the traditions of Galloway, but also from time to time gathering many relics of antiquity, and forwarding them to the museum which his illustrious friend was forming. Among the relics of a past age of error and superstition which our

antiquary succeeded in procuring, were the thumbkins under which the high-souled Carstairs "did not flinch," and the more terrific iron crown which encircled the throbbing brow of the great-hearted Wishart. These relics were much prized by Sir Walter on account of their painful association with the fearful past, of a time which has not its parallel in the annals of the world.

The subject of our memoir, in the pursuit of the antiquarian peculiarities of Galloway, not only gratified his own taste, but also contributed to the enlightening of the world on matters of antiquity, which, till then, had been the cause of much difference of opinion. Many things were brought to light which materially strengthened the theories of some, and dashed to the ground the opinions of others. Yet still for all that, we never find him in one instance thrusting himself into notice, but in secret and silence patiently working and saying but little. For a moment we turn from the chronicling of his public services, and find the man in his home. There the stream of life was gliding peacefully along, the bright sun of happiness lit every corner of the dwelling, and the peace of mind, which is not procured by the things of the world, was filling every heart. The Mary Wilson of his wooing days was the Mary Wil-

son of his calm fireside, though the beauty of the girl had merged into the calm sweet expression of the matron.

Although not in a position of life where every want could be ministered to, or every comfort supplied, he was happy in his cottage-home, happy in the bosom of his family. His life was not a life of inactivity and ease, for his profession was one in which the utmost vigilance had to be maintained, and admitted of no neglect; for had he been found absent from his duty on any one occasion, he would have been dismissed from the service. Even with a knowledge of all the miseries which were peculiar to his position—and in those days the occupation of a gauger was none of the safest—he possessed a well-regulated mind, above all the petty cabals which agitated the minds of the weaker fry who tried to injure the peaceful man in word and deed. In the calm of his own fireside he cast these cares to the winds, and lived in the widest sense of the word a happy life.

CHAPTER IV.

IGNORANCE OF THE EARLIER ANTIQUARIES CONCERNING GALLOWAY — A CURIOUS SPELL FOUND BY TRAIN—THE STORY UPON WHICH GUY MANNERING WAS FOUNDED — WANDERING WILLIE OF REDGAUNTLET—SENDS SOME RELICS TO SIR WALTER —VISITS SIR WALTER IN EDINBURGH—HE FROM THE SULLEN ORR—TELLS SIR WALTER OF OLD MORTALITY—SIR WALTER'S NEXT LETTER.

THE antiquities of Galloway for many years failed to occupy the attention they merited from all writers on this subject. Indeed, we find Sir John Sibbald and many others professing their ignorance, and it is a matter of no great wonder, when we consider the nature of the country, and the inaccessible tracts which lay between it and the more civilized district of Kyle. Anything that was known was furnished by the different parish ministers for the great statistical work of Sir John Sinclair, and these communications were for the most part erroneous and flimsy statements, which still stand against them as proofs

of their negligence and ignorance; consequently Train had a new field, which rewarded his patient industry in a manner truly creditable to his name and genius. Many names are found among his correspondents, showing that genius and talent gratefully acknowledged his assistance; among these is frequently found that of Chalmers, whose name stands at the head of the list of antiquaries.

Train, ever on the alert, found a curious relic of superstition in his wanderings in the early part of 1815. This was an occult mixture of rowan-tree twigs with scraps of red cloth bound up with texts of Scripture in a cow's hide; it was used for the purpose of guarding cattle from witchcraft. This curious spell occupied for many years a prominent place in Sir Walter's museum, along with another of a similar description which the baronet had received from Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Those who have read the notes to the Waverley Novels, cannot but acknowledge that the tribute which that great author pays, from time to time, to Train, is just and generous on the part of Sir Walter, and must have been flattering to the humble antiquary. One of the stories which he forwarded to Sir Walter was of an astrologer who, wandering in the wilds of Galloway, came about midnight to a house where the gudewife was

about to be confined. The future destiny of the child the astrologer foretold, saying that he would encounter many dangers, and after a residence in a far-off land he would return to claim his inheritance. This is said to have come to pass as the weird man foretold; and the story was so much admired by Sir Walter, that he made it the basis of the novel of Guy Mannering—and the astrologer's wandering, and his becoming a guest at Ellangowan, is formed from that old legendary ballad. Another wild story which is recited by Wandering Willie to Darsie Latimer, in the novel of Redgauntlet, Sir Walter received from Train; it was originally published by him in 1814, in *Strains of the Mountain Muse*, a work to which we have previously alluded. The story, as told by Train, is something like the following:—A man in the parish of New Abbey, who had the lease of a farm from the Laird of Lagg, called on him one day to pay some arrears of rent which had been due for a considerable time. Grierson took the money, but on account of some urgent business, he did not write the farmer a discharge, but requested him to call next day for the document; but ere the sun had risen again, the persecutor had breathed his last.

When the funeral was over, the farmer waited on the young laird, and simply stated the transaction

with his father. The young gentleman informed the old man, that should he admit of such vouchers he would subject himself to impositions which the whole of his property could not cover; and though he doubted not but the farmer had spoken the truth, yet if the receipt was not forthcoming, he would resort to legal measures to enforce payment.

As the poor man was returning home very disconsolate at the thought of being turned out of house and home, for he had no money to pay the sum over again, a person came up with him in a wood through which he had to pass.

They travelled on in silence for some time; at last the stranger observed to his companion, that he appeared low-spirited, and begged that he perhaps could help him out of the difficulty. The farmer replied that he was indeed low-spirited, and with much cause, and without further preface, told the stranger his story.

The stranger observed that his case was a singular one, but not altogether so hopeless as he imagined, and added, that if he would accompany him a short distance from the highway, he might assist him in procuring his own. Although it was near midnight and very dark, the farmer, rendered desperate by his misfortune, made no scruple in accompanying the

stranger. His guide then dashed into a thick wood which was near, and after threading the mazes, which were intricate and difficult to walk through, to the astonishment of the farmer they came to the gate of a majestic castle, which was opened by a man who had been for many years porter to the Laird of Lagg, but who had been dead for a considerable time.

In the hall sat Pate Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn. This facetious worthy was tuning his fiddle in order to play after supper to a large company who were assembled in an upper apartment of the castle. As the farmer followed his guide, he saw several ladies and gentlemen with whom he had formerly been acquainted, all of whom had taken an active part in the persecution; at last he entered a room, where, to his astonishment, he saw the old Laird of Lagg seated at a table, with a large bundle of papers before him, and apparently busied in arranging them. His guide then addressed Lagg, and informed him that this was the person he had expressed a wish to see, whereupon Lagg wrote the rent receipt and gave it to the poor man, telling him to go next day and present it to the heir, and inform him that he had received it on the day of payment, but the fact of his having got it had escaped his memory.

The farmer thanked him, and returned to his

guide, who conducted him back the road they came, bade him good-night, and disappeared. The man went home in a state of mind not easily to be described, and next morning, reflecting on the transactions of the preceding evening, and deeming it all a hallucination, until searching his pockets, he found therein the veritable document fairly written in the old Laird's handwriting. His joy then knew no bounds. He instantly set out for the castle, and on presenting his receipt, was freed from the threatened prosecution.

On this adventure becoming known, it was generally believed that the farmer had paid a visit to some other regions, for no castle could ever be found contiguous to the scene of his nocturnal adventure. This is the substance of *Wandering Willie's* tale, as related by Train in the work aforementioned.

The prototype of this erratic individual, so admirably described by Scott, was also furnished by Train from personal knowledge. This man was a wanderer like the Willie of Scott, a Welshman by birth, a native of Caernarvonshire, but Train informs us that his chief residence for many years prior to his death was in the south of Scotland, where he was well known for his drollery and his skill on the harp and fiddle. He was not, as one may sup-

pose, admitted into the halls of the great, as was the custom in earlier times, but he was the presiding genius at merry-makings, and always the chief gut-scraper at every *kirn* between Gretna Green and the Braes of Glenapp, and, like the noted *Habbie Simpson*, at *bridals he won mony placks.*

At the great fair of Kirkdandie he was the chief personage. There he usually laid aside his harp and took to the fiddle, as better fitted to charm the hearts of the lads and lasses of Carrick.

At this gathering, once the most celebrated in the West, he became acquainted with John Riddel, the best musician Scotland ever saw, the composer of "Colzean Castle," "Carrick Shore," "The Merry Lads of Ayr," and "Ayrshire Lasses," the latter composition being popularly believed to be the production of the last Earl of Eglinton; but on the authority of Train and others, we are enabled to correct that mistake.

We give Train's version of that popular song :—

The bugle sounds the parting call,
To arms the order passes, O,
And I must bid farewell to all
The bonnie Ayrshire lasses, O.

Aye sae frank, and aye sae free,
Aye sae blithe and cheery, O,
Cauld is he wha e'er he be,
That wadna lo'e them dearly, O.

Remembrance deep upon my mind,
Despondency impresses, O,
When I, alas! must leave behind,
The bonnie Ayrshire lasses, O.
Aye sae frank, &c.

Although before me now I see,
The whole of war's distresses, O;
They seem not half sae drear to me,
As leaving Ayrshire lasses, O.
Aye sae frank, &c.

. . . . . .

Train, in 1816, on his way home from a friend's, at the *ferry toun of Crée*, met Wandering Willie, whom he thus describes:—

"I was returning to Newton-Stewart, when the blind minstrel approached, with a large harp over his shoulder, led by a woman who, I afterwards learned, was his wife, and followed by some children walking, and others in a small wicker cart of singular construction, drawn by a little cuddie of the old gipsy kind. As I drew near to them, the female caused him to raise his harp, and he began to play the well known air, 'Kenmure's on an' awa', Willie.' It was a calm evening in the month of April, and the melodious sound of the harp soon brought a crowd of peasants from the neighbouring hamlet of Machermore, and the fields of Kirroughtree, which, with a fiddle, played by one of the younger branches of the

minstrel's family, formed a band that called into action the dancing powers not only of the other children, but likewise of several of the spectators. The appearance of the minstrel was somewhat singular; he was seemingly upwards of fifty years of age, of very diminutive stature, the small part of his countenance that appeared above his bushy beard was of a sallow complexion, very much pitted by the small-pox, and nowise improved by his large sightless eyeballs, which seemed to roll instinctively as he moved his hand across the strings of the harp. His habiliments seemed to be just whatever chance had thrown in his way. On his legs he wore a pair of blue *rigg-an'-fur* stockings, partly drawn over the knees of his small clothes, the original part of which had been evidently worn by a person of more spacious dimensions; his vest of red plush cloth, with deep pockets hanging over the thighs, was in every way similar to that kept in the wardrobe at Eglinton Castle, stained with the blood of the unfortunate Earl who was shot by Campbell the exciseman. The outside colour of his coat was brown, the inside yellow; it was the only part of his dress which bore any proportion at all to his person. On his head he wore the cap in old times called a *megiskie*, with a large Roman letter in front, such as was usually worn by Chattering Charlie, the

last professional jester of the House of Cassilis. From Creetown, the minstrel and his family proceeded to Skyreburn, where they received quarters that night. Next day the whole retinue moved slowly over the Course of Slakes, and arrived at Laggan Mullan in the evening, just in time to assist the music of a merry-making of friends there, of which the host has still a lively recollection.

" Next night they were not so successful. After having passed through the Gatehouse of Fleet, at nightfall, they solicited lodgings at the farm-house of Tawney Maws, and several other places, but were refused. Compelled by necessity, the poor houseless wanderers at length lay down in a gravel-pit, fast by the great road to Portpatrick, nearly opposite to the old mill of Twynholm, but ere the morning the brow of the pit fell in, and buried the whole family, seven in number. The cuddie had been left beside the wicker-cart, at a short distance from the pit, and thus escaped the fate of its owners. Being Sabbath, it was not till near the middle of the day that, by the braying of the ass, people were collected to the spot; and, strange as it may appear, considering the proverbial stupidity of that animal, Mr. Rain assures me, that it was there observed pacing backwards and forwards, in front of the gravel-pit in which its master

and his family were laid, braying anon, seemingly for the purpose of rousing them from their resting-place.

"The quantity of gravel that had fallen during the night on these unfortunate people, was almost incredibly small, to have been the cause of such a sad catastrophe; some of them were scarcely covered, but they had all incautiously reclined with their heads close to the bank, by which the falling gravel covered their faces and deprived them of life. By the composure of their features, when taken out of the pit, the whole seemed to have died without a struggle.

"The remains of this unfortunate family were, at the expense of the Session, buried in the churchyard of Twynholm. The recollection of this tragical event is still kept in the district, by people superstitiously pointing out the *Harper's Hole*, as a nightly rendezvous of many an unearthly group of uncouth figures in human shape."

Such was the end of *Willie, the Welshman*, in whose fate Sir Walter deeply sympathized, so much so, that he resolved to perpetuate him in the enchanting pages of romance.

Mr. Train, happening to be at North Castle Street soon after the publication of Redgauntlet, while conversing with Sir Walter on some of the incidents

in that work, the Baronet said, "You will no doubt recognise an old acquaintance in the person of the Blind Beggar. Poor fellow! I must some time or other pay a further tribute to his memory, but you know circumstances will not permit of me doing so at present."

Train, expecting that Sir Walter would mention *Wandering Willie* more particularly in the next edition of Redgauntlet, sent to his patron, on the 8th of October 1830, the above account of the unfortunate minstrel, which, from some cause which the antiquary could never discover, did not appear. We have made a digression, for the purpose of establishing the relationship between the Minstrel of the North and the subject of our memoir, and of recording the story of *Wandering Willie* in its proper place. We now return to Sir Walter's correspondence with Train. The following letter is the first at all interesting, though they had previously had much interchange of correspondence :—

"My dear Sir,—I was in the country when I ordered your copy of the Lord of the Isles to be sent off. Unfortunately the bookseller had not enough to answer my order, and disappointed you and one or two of my other friends. I was therefore obliged to

wait the second edition, of which I have now the pleasure to send two copies by the coach, begging your acceptance of one, and hoping you may find the other an acceptable gift to some of your friends. Mr. Porter, lately appointed a Commissioner of Excise, is a friend of mine. I would be happy if, through his interest, I could at any time be useful to you, in which case you will have the goodness to point me out the object and opportunity of serving you. I am going to London in about a fortnight, for about six weeks, or thereabouts.

"I must conclude in some haste.—Dear Sir, your obliged servant, WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, 12*th March* 1815."

This offer of assistance came of his own accord from Sir Walter, nor, in all the course of their correspondence, do we find that Train was actuated by mercenary motives in affording to Sir Walter that assistance which the novelist so highly valued. This offer was made, we have no doubt, from motives of delicacy, Sir Walter judging rightly that our antiquary would not have accepted direct pecuniary remuneration for his services. A short time after receiving the foregoing letter, Train presented to his illustrious friend a Roman battle-axe, found in the

moss of Cree, and, at the same time, the head of a spear picked up near Merton Hall, in the parish of Penningham, together with the sporran of Rob Roy, which he had obtained from a descendant of that far-famed freebooter. During Train's sojourn in Aberfeldy, he had marked with particular attention the true cause of so much opposition to the law, and at a subsequent period drew up an essay on the subject, showing the defects and abuses of the Excise statutes, and pointing out how these defects might be remedied, so that when Sir Walter informed him that he was acquainted with Mr. Porter, newly appointed a Commissioner of the Excise, he stated to him by letter, some of the particulars contained in the essay on Illicit Distillation, hoping thereby to bring it under the notice of that gentleman, but his sudden death prevented Sir Walter from doing so. He, however, in a few months after, gave it to Mr. Earle, then a Commissioner of the Customs, upon which he wrote as follows to Train :—

"Dear Sir,—I delayed answering your letter till I should know what my motions were likely to be this summer, as I have been of late a good deal of a wanderer. I find I will be at my farm of Abbotsford from Monday till the 26th, and in town from the 26th

to 12th April, after which I will be again at Abbotsford for a month, and then in town during the summer session of two months. I presume your visit to Edinburgh will be about summer, when you will be sure to meet me, as I am always obliged officially to attend the sittings of the Court, and shall be glad to make your personal acquaintance.

"Rorie Gill is quite a stranger to me, and I am glad to be made known to him in the modern dress; you have clothed him with considerable spirit.

"I will have an opportunity, before I leave town, to put your communication under the eye of Mr. Earle, chairman of the Board, with whom it may be of service to you. I have made Mr. Earle's acquaintance lately, and he seems a very agreeable and gentlemanlike man.

"I will be particularly gratified by your writing down at leisure such traditions as you mention having picked up in your late tour; nothing interests me so much as local anecdotes.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, 7*th March* 1816."

We are not in possession of information as to where Train had been, as alluded to by Sir Walter in the preceding letter, but it was doubtless an

excursion, in search of ancient ballads or stories, into the more remote districts of Galloway.

Mr. Earle highly approved of the suggestions contained in Train's Essay, as did the Board of Excise and Customs at Edinburgh, and on their recommendation it was forwarded to the Lords of the Treasury. After much delay, he at last had the satisfaction of seeing his suggestions become the law of the land. In the May following Train set out for Edinburgh: on his arrival in town he was received by Sir Walter in the most friendly manner, and entertained in that style of hospitality for which Sir Walter was noted—too much so for himself, as after years failed not to show. He endeavoured to make his guest's stay in town as agreeable as possible, and with that view despatched a servant in search of the Ettrick Shepherd, who was then in Edinburgh; but the search was fruitless. The servant returned with no tidings of Hogg, nor could they ascertain where he was staying. This was a disappointment to Train, who would have relished the company of Hogg with peculiar zest. Sir Walter had also invited to his table that day, the poet whom Hogg satirically describes in the *Queen's Wake*,—

> " Of peasant make and doubtful mein,
> Affecting airs of proud disdain."

It would doubtless have been a rich treat to have seen the Gallovidian seated beside the *Bard of Altrieve*. The impression made on the mind of our friend, by the picture of the *Bungling Bard*, was nowise relieved by his dogmatic assertions and high pretensions during the evening.

A pair of ptarmigans at table, which Sir Walter said he had received that day as a present from the North, was a treat to every one present except he from the "sullen Orr," who affirmed that these birds were as plentiful as pigeons in Galloway. So great was the vanity of Morrison, that even Sir Walter was not allowed to pass uncontradicted.

Wilkie's picture of Sir Walter and his family, which was at this time newly from the studio of the artist, was that evening introduced. All present pronounced it to be a faithful picture except he from Galloway, who most unhesitatingly declared, that it was neither like Sir Walter nor any of his family; whereupon Miss Scott remarked with much archness, "Oh, I forgot, Mr. Morrison, you are a painter yourself, and I have often heard it remarked, that there is no friendship in trade, but I never saw it verified before." That evening Sir Walter was called away by Mr. Alexander Campbell, the author of *Albyn's Anthology*. When he returned, he spoke in terms of the highest admi-

ration of the enthusiastic ardour evinced by Mr. Campbell, who, although advanced in years, travelled the country on foot collecting neglected music. He said he had written several songs to assist the poor man by his name appearing in the list of contributors to the work, but he expressed it as his opinion, that the undertaking would never pay. This truly came to pass ; and poor Campbell gained little but the immortal fame of having his name connected with some of the finest lyrics in the language, besides those from the inimitable pen of his illustrious patron.

The short time spent by Train with Sir Walter and his amiable family, was quite a jubilee to the patient and industrious antiquary, and the enjoyment of this breathing time was heightened by the thought that he had served Sir Walter in such a manner as greatly to merit the kind notice of the Great Magician of the North. But his stay was of short duration ; his anxiety to be home to his duties, precluded him from indulging in a protracted sojourn at North Castle Street.

On the morning of his departure he rose and went into the library, as he had been directed the night previous, by Sir Walter, who judged rightly, that it would be a source of amusement to his antiquarian friend. The library, although not so valuable as it afterwards became, was among the finest which Train

had ever seen, and it may be taken for granted, that he enjoyed himself much.

The pictures there were a full-length portrait of the Novelist himself, a fine view of the Island of Staffa, and an original painting of the celebrated Lord Dundee, the hated Claverhouse. This last picture arrested the attention of the antiquary : the noble-looking and amiable countenance was ill in unison with the reputed character of the man, and in the strange anomaly there was much to engage the attention of the thinker.

Sir Walter entered the library as Train was examining the picture of the persecutor, and to the antiquary's remark, " that Claverhouse appeared more mild and gentle there, than in the light which Wodrow, Cruickshank, and other ecclesiastical writers had shown him in," replied by saying, " that no man was more traduced by his historians than Claverhouse, who followed the belief that he rode on a goblin galloway, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil."

His guest remarked, that in good hands he might be made the hero of a national romance as interesting as either Wallace or the Pretender. " He might," replied Sir Walter, " but your western zealots would require to be faithfully pourtrayed to make the picture complete." Train further added, seeing that the

Novelist was pleased with the idea, that if the story was delivered as if from the mouth of Old Mortality, in a manner somewhat similar to that of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, it would certainly heighten the effect of the tale. "Old Mortality, man, who was he?" interrogated Sir Walter, his eye beaming with lively interest. His guest began narrating as much as he knew of that singular personage, and promised, on his return to Galloway, to collect all particulars respecting him. At this Sir Walter expressed himself highly delighted, and he spoke so emphatically, that Train had no doubt that he meant to make use of the information received.

At breakfast, again adverting to the Covenanters in the West, he spoke of the distress which had been brought on the community, in the year 1678, by the rapacity of the *Highland host*, and afterwards by the visionary follies instilled by the clergy into the minds of their simple followers. He also alluded to the singular charter granted by Robert II., in the year 1378, relating to the Church of St. John at Ayr, which Train had published some time previous in a periodical work. He said he had never visited the ancient town of Ayr, but should have done so long ere that time, had he not been so well supplied with such valuable information as his guest had transmitted to

him, respecting the landing of Bruce, and the Leper establishment at Prestwick, afterwards called *King's Case.* Neither had he visited Galloway; but he said his curiosity had been so excited, that if his health permitted, he would make a journey to that district during the following summer. This he was never destined to accomplish. Next summer he reached Dumfries, but was compelled to return to Edinburgh, without visiting the wild but not unpleasing district of Galloway.

Proud of the reception he had received from Sir Walter, Train returned home, resolving to use every means in his power to serve his patron in the collecting of traditionary stories, but more particularly such as related to Old Mortality, an account of whom Sir Walter made him promise, on parting, to send as soon as possible.

Train kept his promise, and in a few weeks sent to Edinburgh an account of that strange individual, as he received it from the son of Old Mortality.

This singular man was born in the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and was probably a mason. He had at least been educated to the use of the chisel. He wandered through Scotland, renewing the time-worn inscriptions on the tombstones of the martyrs, and cutting new ones where there were none. It was religious enthusiasm, not poverty, which induced him thus to wan-

der, for he never accepted anything but the hospitality which was willingly rendered him, and when that was not proffered, he had money enough to provide for his humble wants. There are few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfries-shire where the mark of his chisel is not to be seen. He died at Bankhill, near Lockerby, on the 14th of January 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. That Sir Walter had little to work upon, is known from the fact, that what Train could learn about the old enthusiast was from his son, and this was not received from him with the best grace, at that time, but at a future period he supplied Train with many interesting particulars about his father, which were inserted as notes to a future edition of the Waverley Novels; but possessing so little information as he did at that time, we are astonished, when we think of the genius of the man who, from such scanty materials, could, by the potent wave of his magical wand, create a new world of romance. All the efforts of modern, and, we may with safety say, ancient times too, sink into insignificance, compared with the herculean and masterly literary achievements of the mighty Scott. What pen but his ever delineated, with such truthfulness, the peculiarities of character, or clothed the enchanting page of romance with so much of reality: but we

turn from contemplating the man ; the blaze of his genius dazzles and confounds us.

The following letter which Train received, will show that the information which Sir Walter had procured respecting Old Mortality, and other subjects, was valued much. In it we find him endeavouring to conceal, even from Train, the fact of his being the author of *Old Mortality*, or the two preceding works. At what time he directly made the antiquary one of the select few who knew the secret of their authorship, we are not precisely informed. But this was mere affectation on the part of Sir Walter, for he must have been conscious that the antiquary knew well about the matter, seeing that he was the person who suggested *Old Mortality* to him. But this letter appears to have been written either as a feeler, or from the fact that the Great Minstrel had forgotten all about the matter. That the latter is improbable we assent to, and consider the former as the natural conclusion.

" Dear Sir,—I have been very much to blame not to write you sooner. My sincere thanks for your very obliging and curious communications, from which I have derived both instruction and amusement. I was in the country until the beginning of winter, which occasioned my being late in receiving your

communications, which were, however, lying safely at Castle Street. You have been uncommonly successful in some most interesting inquiries. You will be surprised to find that Old Mortality has got into print. The novel in which he appears belongs to the same cycle, and appears to be written by the same author, as those of Waverley and Guy Mannering, and displays the same knowledge of Scottish manners and scenery, and the same carelessness as to the arrangement of the story, which characterize these curious narratives. Why the author should conceal himself, and, in this case, even change his publisher, as if to insure his remaining concealed, is a curious problem. I get the credit of them, and wish I deserved it: but I daresay the real author will one day appear. As a trifling return for your attention, and presuming that the Tales will interest you, I send a copy for your acceptance by the Portpatrick mail, the Ballantynes having sent me a couple of copies, as they generally do, of anything that they print which they think has merit. The first tale, in my opinion, is rather below par, but the second is exceedingly good indeed. I shall be glad if they afford you some amusement.

"The Pict's kiln seems to be a very curious relique of antiquity. Is it not possible it may have been

employed in burning lime? We know that these ancient people were traditionally renowned for their skill in architecture. They certainly seem to have been farther advanced in the arts of life than their rival neighbours, the Scots, which may have arisen from their inhabiting the lower and more fertile parts of the country. The Murder Hole is also a curious tradition. It confirms me of my opinion that our lawyers misinterpreted the right meaning of the old grants of baronial jurisdiction, which usually bore the right of *pit and gallows.* Our legal antiquaries hold that the pit means the dungeon of the castle, and that the grant applies to a right of imprisonment and execution by hanging or drowning. There seems no good reason for granting a right of mere imprisonment, which in fact was common to almost all king's vassals, whether possessing the higher powers of capital execution or not.

"I am prevented from writing farther, by the necessity of serving post.—Your obliged servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, 21*st December* 1816."

From this letter we find that the communications must have been valuable, and that they included subjects which were highly interesting, on account

both of their variety and their antiquarian interest. Scott was the skilful workman who polished the gem; Train the industrious miner, who brought it from its hiding-place among the hills and glens of his lovely land. The genius of the one was fanned and encouraged by the rich subjects paid as homage to that genius by the industrious labour of the other. We speak not of the two men as parallels, but of each independently—the one, the mighty son of song; the other, the humble and unpretending antiquary. Scott stood forth pourtraying the manners and customs of a past age, but ere talent and genius could begin their work, Train dashed aside the curtain which time had cast over the aspect of other days.

Indifferent to the applause of the world; working for the benefit of others—working in secret, yet working not the less; in sunshine and in sorrow strangely the same, we find the simple son of the hills.

CHAPTER V.

TRAIN'S INTRODUCTION TO CHALMERS, AUTHOR OF CALEDONIA—TRACES OUT AN OLD BOUNDARY LONG DISPUTED—STORY OF ULRICK M'WHIRTER—SIR WALTER'S NEXT LETTER—STORY OF DONALD-NA-NORD—ANCESTOR OF DONALD THE PROTOTYPE OF WAVERLEY—ORIGIN OF THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

In the summer of 1815, Sir Walter, when in London, became personally acquainted with Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, who was at that time preparing the third volume of his great work for the press. It is that part which contains the description of the west of Scotland.

Sir Walter mentioned Train as the person most likely to forward the views of Chalmers in the getting up of some of the topographical notices of various parts of Galloway and Ayrshire; and also, at the same time, related some of the interesting communications which he had himself received from the exciseman.

Mr. Chalmers had applied for similar information

from Sir Alexander Boswell some time before, but this information the Laird of Auchinleck was unable to give, so he with pleasure made use of Sir Walter's name in soliciting assistance from Train.

This was the commencement of a correspondence between these two congenial spirits, which was uninterrupted until the death of Chalmers. The esteem with which Train regarded this wonderful man was next to the high admiration he entertained for Scott.

On Chalmers' application to the antiquary of Galloway, he was furnished with much interesting information concerning the Roman post on the "Black Water of Dee," near New Galloway, also a sketch and description of the Roman camp at Rispain, near Whithorn, besides many other particulars with which Mr. Chalmers was not previously acquainted. His ignorance had led him to assert in the first volume of *Caledonia*, that the "Romans had never penetrated into Wigtonshire, nor into Ayrshire, farther than Loudon hill." Informed of his mistake, in the third volume of his work he says :—"Owing to the want or obscurity of remains, it has long been supposed that the Romans, with all their energy and perseverance, never penetrated into Wigtonshire, much less Ayrshire. But time and chance have at length

discovered the Roman camp at Rispain, near Whithorn, and adjoining the plantations of Glasserton." He afterwards describes the course of a Roman road from the town of Ayr, from the information which Train supplied; and in a letter, dated "Office for Trade, Whitehall, 20th June 1818," he compliments Train in the following terms:—"You will enjoy the glory of being the first who has traced the Roman footsteps so far westward into Wigtonshire, and the Roman road from Dumfries-shire to Ayr. You have gone far beyond any correspondent of mine in these parts."

The next antiquarian pursuit which Train engaged in, was the tracing of an ancient erection, popularly called the *Deil's Dyke*, from Lochryan in Wigtonshire, to the farm of Hightae in the parish of Lochmaben, Dumfries-shire, a distance of eighty miles. This had previously been undertaken by Dr. Clapperton, son of the celebrated traveller of that name, but he died prematurely, and no information could be obtained regarding the progress he had made. This necessarily compelled Train to begin at Lochryan, although he was derided by his friends for undertaking such a task, as to them it seemed the utmost folly for a man of his limited income to engage in such unprofitable work as tracing the butt of an

old dyke, which had outlasted every trace both of the age and object of its erection, and which could not possibly be of any importance to himself or to the world.

In spite of all these discouragements, which his friends were not chary in throwing in his path, we find the devoted antiquary enthusiastic in his not very promising task, and making considerable progress in his researches. His plan was to procure the charter of the lands through which the old dyke was supposed to pass, in order to examine it, with the view of finding any allusion made to the dyke as an ancient boundary, but the written *Lands Rights* of Galloway was comparatively of modern date, consequently they afforded but little information. He had commenced his survey of the old dyke a considerable time previous to his acquaintance with Mr. Chalmers, and it was nearly completed, when he first communicated with him. In one of Mr. Chalmers' letters to his brother antiquary, he says—"All the antiquarian discoveries in the south of Scotland, sink into insignificance when compared with the Deil's Dyke. But I wish you to understand, my good sir, that there are questions which rise out of your communications which justify the observation of Mr. Hume, 'that there are questions in history as difficult of solution

as any of the sciences,' such as the Deil's Dyke ; considering all its circumstances, it is extremely difficult to assign its age, its object, or its builders. In Ireland there is nothing like the Deil's Dyke, the Catrael, or other works of that nature in Scotland. The inference is, that the Deil's Dyke was not built by Irish hands ; and I am disposed to think, that it is several centuries older than the arrival of the Irish Cruithne or Picts in Galloway.

"The history of Galloway would, of itself, in your hands, supply sufficient materials for the curious pen of history, though it would be subject to the objection which may be formed to all history—that it is less amusing than romance, which is so attractive in the hands of our friend, Walter Scott, and for which I am informed you have supplied many materials."

The incognito which Sir Walter desired to maintain had hitherto been well kept, when we consider that there were eighteen persons in the secret, though Lord Byron, as is well known, attributed the Novels to Sir Walter, and popular conjecture was not slow in singling him out as their author, yet nothing certain was known to confirm that belief. Public curiosity was at that time very active in search of the Great Unknown, and Train deemed this allusion to Sir Walter, on the part of Mr. Chalmers,

but one of the stratagems which were daily practised upon him, to extract the secret, and he consequently left that part of the letter unanswered. After this, his communications to the author of *Caledonia* were frequent, and often of considerable length, chiefly relating to the ancient history of Galloway. These communications were of great value to Mr. Chalmers, and not a few of them occupy a prominent part in the third volume of *Caledonia*. Although Train assisted Mr. Chalmers materially, yet his progress in the service of Sir Walter was nowise impeded, as will be seen from the following tale which Sir Walter received about this time. As it is not very generally known, and on account of its author, we deem it worthy of a niche in his Memoirs :—

"Reginald M'Whirter, who, in the reign of James III., was Laird of the barony of Blairquhan in Carrick, had twin daughters, one of whom was married to Sir Cosmo Kennedy, a son of Lord John Kennedy, by his wife Eliza Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly; the other to Sir Ulrick M'Whirter, a cousin of her own, who had assisted Ferdinand of Spain in subduing the Moors, from which enterprise he had only newly returned, laden with honours. On the death of Baron Reginald, these two gentlemen claimed the estate of Blair-

quhan, each for himself, on account, as both asserted, of his wife being first born, but as the mother of the ladies, and any person who might have rectified the dispute were dead, a bloody feud would, in all probability, have ensued, had not the relatives on both sides prevailed on the sticklers to submit their claim to the decision of the King, who, although young, was, as is known, a just and upright prince. After much hesitation, both at length agreed to do so, and for that purpose they proceeded to Edinburgh. How to decide a question impartially, where both parties had a claim equally good, his Majesty was, for some time, at a loss to know, as both protested against dividing the property, but agreed to abide by any other decision. At last he resolved that one should walk and the other ride from Edinburgh to Blairquhan, a distance of about ninety miles, and he who would first kindle a fire in that castle should keep possession not only of it, but of the whole estate.

"To make the chance, however, equal, they were each to draw a straw out of a stack of corn, and he who pulled the longer might ride on horseback, but the other was to walk.

"To abide by a decision so admirably just both parties bound themselves without murmuring. Kennedy drew the longer straw, and was consequently

considered by many to have gained the estate: but those who knew Sir Ulrick's unbending spirit still entertained a distant hope that his cause was not entirely lost. In high spirits Sir Cosmo mounted the fleetest steed in the numerous stud of his family, and, starting at the cross of Edinburgh, with more than the speed of an ancient moss-trooper, he galloped over mountain, moor, and glen.

" Through Carnwath he bounded fast,
By Douglas Mill rode he;
But weary, weary was his steed,
As he passed Ochiltree.

" Sir Ulrick started from the same place, and at the same time, on foot, but took a different route, accompanied by Red Quinten of Dunure, a relation of Sir Cosmo, with a few attendants, deputed to see that he performed his journey on foot, agreeable to the decision of the King.

" Albeit Sir Ulric he is stark,
Albeit that he is strong;
From Holyrood to Bennan hill,
The road is rough and long.
Fast may he hie to Cockleroy,
And eke to Lanarkshaw,
But can he make the Craigs o' Kyle
Without a rest ava?

" King James himself had taken such an interest in the singular contest, that he set out from Edin-

burgh, accompanied by a few attendants, in order to be present, and act as steward of the race, at Blairquhan. Just as he was about to cross Girvan water, at a small eminence, from that circumstance called King's Hill to this day, an attendant pointed out to him a volume of smoke rising out of a chimney of Blairquhan Castle. Upon which he exclaimed, in great surprise—'If yon is the work of Sir Cosmo he has even outstripped the wind;' and rode hastily up to the castle, to congratulate him on having taken such speedy possession of his just inheritance, and to proclaim him the rightful Baron of Blairquhan; but as he entered a postern gate, to his surprise, Sir Ulrick was in attendance to conduct him into the kitchen, and, in his presence, threw so many faggots into the fire, that his Majesty had to retire.

"At that moment Red Quinten arrived, nearly covered with the soil of the mosses through which he had passed, and hastily exclaimed, 'That fellow, please your Majesty, must have been propelled by the devil, ere he could have performed what he has done.'

"'Has he not walked all the way?' inquired the King.

"'Not one foot,' was the answer.

"Sir Ulrick's dark eye glistened like the diamond of Criffel, when seen at night from the Solway, and

ungovernable rage was seemingly taking possession of his bosom, but he uttered not a word.

" 'What?' demanded the King, 'is he here that has dared deceive me?'

" 'He did not walk, my liege,' rejoined the Knight of Dunure, 'he ran, he leaped, he ran faster than any of my attendants could follow him. Sir Cosmo is far behind; he has both the Ayr and the Lugar to cross yet.'

" 'Then you have won the domain; you are now Baron of Blairquhan, Sir Ulrick M'Whirter,' said the King. Sir Ulrick bowed respectfully and retired. That day he gave a merry-making to his tenantry, which was long remembered.

" It is said, the darkest hour is just before the dawn. It was so figuratively to Sir Cosmo Kennedy, when his stickle for the estate of Blairquhan proved unsuccessful; he had no hope whatever of succeeding to that property, but Sir Ulrick dying without issue, it reverted to him, and continued in his family, together with that of Sir John Whiteford, till purchased, in the latter part of the last century, by an uncle of the present proprietor, Sir David Hunter Blair."

Train received this story from an old lady near Newton-Stewart, and forwarded it to Sir Walter, keeping a copy, which he sent to Sir David Hunter

Blair, judging rightly, that it would be interesting to him, as the proprietor of the once singularly disputed estate. Of this he apprised Sir Walter, lest in the event of his making any use of the story, the whole secret of his being the author of the Waverley Novels might, through Sir David Hunter Blair, be made known to the world. Train, in all his communications with Sir Walter, never admitted a third person into his confidence, and to this prudence may be ascribed the strict incognito which the Novelist was so long enabled to maintain. And the very fact of Train mentioning that he had sent a copy of the story to his early friend, may have deterred the Novelist from making any use of it; certain it is, that he never did so, although it possessed incident and beauty superior to many which he clothed in the gorgeous vestments of romance. Train never heard of it until it appeared in Chambers' *Picture of Scotland*, some years afterwards, and he had no doubt that it was communicated by Sir Walter.

The next letter of Sir Walter bears the date 14th January 1817, and, after thanking his antiquarian correspondent for the story of Sir Ulrick M'Whirter, states "that a friend of his had been newly promoted to the situation of King's Advo-

cate, and that he hoped by his influence to advance the interests of his friend in the Excise." This friend to whom Sir Walter alluded was Mr. Macconochie, afterwards elevated to the Scottish Bench, under the title of Lord Meadowbank, and who had the honour, four years afterwards, of dispelling the cloud which had so long concealed the author of Waverley from public view.

To Lord Meadowbank, Train was indebted for an introduction to the late Dr. Maxwell, the medical attendant and friend of Burns, a gentleman of amiable disposition and agreeable manners.

That Train desired preferment there is no room to doubt. To deny that of one in his humble position, is to exclude him from participation in the feelings and aspirations which are common to all. One thing is certain, however, that he did not take advantage of the intimacy, which had gradually become greater between the Baronet and himself, for preferring any claims upon him. The offer of his interest Sir Walter spontaneously made; nor did that nerve the antiquary to greater exertions on his illustrious friend's behalf. No! he was still the same, content with his humble lot; still the industrious exciseman; still the zealous antiquary, gratified to see the use which genius made of his labours.

Another interesting relic of antiquity procured by his friend, Dr. Thomson, while practising in Appin, fell into the hands of our antiquary; this was an old manuscript, containing a long pedigree of the Stewart family of Invernahyle, in which was an interesting account of Donald-na-Nord, the hammerer. On finding that it was a singular document, he sent a transcript of it to Sir Walter, who refers to it in his next letter :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged and entertained by your continued and kind communications. That on the subject of the Invernahyle family I am much interested in; for Alexander Stewart, with whom the pedigree concludes, was my father's most intimate friend, and I was very fond of his society when a boy, and of listening to his old stories. I have still on my memory no small stock of legendary lore derived from that source, and always think of his memory with peculiar fondness. Pray secure me as many Galloway traditions as you can, for they are most interesting. Were I as poetical as I have been, I would most certainly weave the Tale of Plunton into verse. I have been a week at Abbotsford, and only found your kind communication on my return. —Believe me, Sir, very much your obliged friend,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, 22*d February* 1817."

The career of Donald-na-Nord was a singular one. Sir Walter made use of it in "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London," published in 1822; and also in the "Tales of a Grandfather," in which it was condensed into sixteen pages. After the publication of the latter work, Train was favoured with some anecdotes from a descendant of Donald, not contained in Dr. Thomson's manuscript. We quote the following :—

"Donald-na-Nord was reckoned a good swimmer, and so expert at diving, that he frequently caught salmon in Linidh Bhlathain, a pool immediately below the smith's house. One day the smith having something to do, and there being no other person at hand, he called on Donald to assist him, which he did by taking a large forehammer in each hand, and with great ease performed the work of two men. The smith admiring his activity and strength, could no longer contain himself. He sent for Mhai-dhuil-anlochan, otherwise Mhai Mhic Allen, Donald's uncle, to reveal to him the secret of the young man's birth, who had up to that time passed for the smith's son; but before doing so, he made him wield the hammer in his presence, and told him of the singular feats he had performed in the pool; but at first would not consent to his trying the same again, till Mhai Mhic Allen urged him to do

so. The smith then proceeded, armed with a sword, to the margin of the river, and when he thought Donald was remaining too long under water, he came up to the side of the chief, and was brandishing his sword in great fury, when the young man came up with a salmon in each hand. 'What!' says Mhai Mhic Allen, 'Are you going to kill me?' 'I would most certainly have done so,' replied the smith, 'had that young man been drowned, as you urged him into the water against his will.' 'I would rather than a hundred merks of land,' said the chief, 'I had such a son as he.' 'He is your nephew,' said Gothan Muidartsich. The smith then related his whole history, upon hearing which, Mhai Mhic Allen embraced Donald most cordially."

The sword made by Gothan and given to his foster son, as also the steel cap and coat-of-mail, are still in the possession of the Stewarts of Invernahyle.

Alexander Stewart, with whom the manuscript pedigree concludes, the man whom Scott loved in his boyhood, was the prototype of Waverley. On his generous treatment of Lieut.-Colonel Allan Whiteford, whom he took prisoner at the battle of Preston, and who afterwards saved the life of his captor, "was founded," says Sir Walter, "the sort of exchange of gallantry which is represented to have taken

place betwixt the Baron of Bradwardine and Colonel Talbot."

The tale of Plunton, to which Sir Walter alludes in the preceding letter, was communicated to Train by his friend, whom we had occasion to speak of in an earlier chapter of our Memoir. It was forwarded to Sir Walter in the handwriting of that gentleman. On it is founded that interesting dramatic story, the *Doom of Devergoil*, which appeared as late as 1830.

We find Train still in Newton-Stewart, passing many a day in the dreary moors, in the exercise of his not very agreeable duty. Through sleepless nights and days of toil still the honest and upright friend, beloved by every one, hated by none.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAIN DISCOVERS AN ANCIENT GRANITE WEAPON CALLED A CELT—VISITS EDINBURGH—MEETS SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL—THE FLITTING OF THE SOW—SIR WALTER'S NEXT LETTER—THE PROTOTYPE OF MADGE WILDFIRE—THE NORLINGS OF FINDHORN—TRAIN APPOINTED SUPERVISOR 1820—FALKLAND PALACE—ST. FLANNING.

THE fame of Train had spread throughout the length and breadth of Galloway. There was not a peasant from the one end to the other but was ready to advance his interests in every shape, in giving the weary gauger the best seat in his dwelling, and exercising towards him those rites of hospitality for which that class are so justly celebrated. To this class he was indebted for most of the legends and ancient relics which it was his delight to collect; and in the mud dwellings of the hardy Gallovidians he spent many a happy night, listening to the stories of elfland, and of the days of their ancient heroes, the Douglasses, and many hardy lords of serfdom besides.

While the wild winds of the night raged in fury without, with what right good-will he partook of their homely fare! and when the merriment ran high, the laugh of the gauger was the heartiest and the loudest.

In one of these wanderings he received from a peasant the ancient granite weapon used by the Romans, called a Celt. This very curious relic was found in the moor of Knockbrax, in the parish of Penningham, about eight feet below the surface of the ground. This weapon Train supposed to be made of freestone of the finest quality, but on perforating it with a chisel, he found it to be made of the hardest granite.

Train's next visit to Edinburgh was in 1817. During his stay he was Sir Walter's guest, at North Castle Street, where the time was spent pleasantly, and with profit to both—the Novelist listening with delight to the stories of the simple Train, and he rejoicing that he was enabled to contribute so much to the delight of the mighty Scott. It was a simple, honest feeling moved the soul of the antiquary. The two men stood on equal footing, man with man, host and guest. An honest enthusiasm, more noble than the high-souled ambition of the great, animated the mind of the antiquary. It was an honest enthu-

siasm, for it had its birth among the heather. Not having seen Sir Walter since the publication of Old Mortality, he spoke freely on the subject, as well as of the fate of Supervisor Kennedy, as recorded in Guy Mannering, a story which he had received from the usual source; but it was his point never to speak of the novels when there was a third person present.

We cannot refrain from thinking that to have enjoyed the friendship of such a man, and to have been the repository of so great a secret, must have been an honour indeed. There were many at Sir Walter's table during that week who were worthy of notice, possessing the friendship of the man who was the host and the soul of the company, and deeming it an honour to associate with one so gifted. Among these was Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, whose memory is revered in Ayrshire, as one possessing the characteristics of true nobility; a brave, noble-hearted, high-souled man, whose character reminds us of a chieftain of the olden time—a Douglas or a Stuart—destined to fall in the prime of life, by the hands of the duellist. Sir Alexander presented to Sir Walter, on that occasion, a thin octavo volume, which he said, was written, printed, and bound by himself, at Auchinleck. Among other pieces, this

book contained the story of the Flitting of the Sow, an Ayrshire legend, which we append.

"At a convivial meeting in the town of Ayr, the Laird of Cassilis (for that family was not then ennobled) and Crawford of Lochnorris, in Kyle, had a violent dispute as to the strength and bravery of their clans, each being the chieftain of the family of his own name. After much altercation, Kennedy said, that to finish the dispute, he would tether a sow at Cassilis' yett, and defy all the Crawfords of Kyle to flit it.

"Crawford, at that time blind with age, but retaining all the haughty impetuosity of his youth, accepted the challenge, and desired Cassilis to name the day when the sow was to be tethered, and the Crawfords of Kyle would try if they could flit her.

"The day was appointed; Crawford's men set out, headed by his three sons, for the old laird was unable to attend, on account of his extreme age, but he charged his clansmen, and particularly his sons, at setting out, to bring Kennedy's sow to Lochnorris, or die in the attempt. He then seated himself in front of the castle to await the issue. The first messenger that arrived brought him word that a most desperate conflict had taken place, in which two of his sons were slain, but that the battle as yet had been won by neither side.

Then said he, there is yet a chance of my brave fellows flitting the sow. The next messenger brought him word that his remaining son had been killed, but that the sow had been flitted. 'Now,' said the old man, 'I will die happily, seeing that my sons have died nobly, and that Kennedy's sow has been brought away.' "

Sir Alexander was an author of no mean reputation; many of his songs have become popular, and his knowledge of antiquarian lore was neither superficial nor limited. As a man he was a true friend, as a gentleman he was the soul of honour. It was a sad day for Ayrshire when Sir Alexander was consigned to the burial vault of Auchinleck.

Few gentlemen were ever more universally beloved than Sir Alexander Boswell, and his death, to the people of Ayrshire, was like a domestic bereavement; every one sorrowed alike, for he had sat by their hearths, and talked to them in friendly and familiar accents of their own affairs, sympathizing with the distressed, and rejoicing with those who were free from sorrow.

Many years have passed since he fell by the hand of the duellist, but his worth in the recollection of many is as vivid as ever.

Experiencing a feeling common to all, Train was

charmed with the high-souled Baronet, and returned to Newton-Stewart with regret at leaving such company so soon, but with pleasing recollections of the kindness of his noble host and his distinguished guests.

Train had expressed a wish to have a copy of Waldron's History of the Isle of Man, a book as interesting as it was rare. That it was very rare, may be inferred from the fact that, in 1731, there were only 110 copies printed, and not one of these was ever in Scotland. Notwithstanding the scarcity of the book, Sir Walter kindly undertook to procure him a copy of it. That he succeeded, will be seen from his next letter to Train :—

"My dear Sir,—Since I saw you here, I had the good luck to procure a copy of Waldron's History of the Isle of Man. I beg your acceptance of the volume, for I have one of my own ; you will find some excellent stories in it. I had a favourable answer from the Lord Advocate, promising to interest himself once more on the score of your promotion. I trust it will come, although it comes slowly in your corps. I shall speak to the Solicitor, as the Advocate is gone to London.—My dear Mr. Train, believe me always your very obliged humble servant,

"Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 27*th January* 1818."

From the first part of this letter, we see that merely to gratify a wish of his antiquarian friend, Sir Walter was ready to sacrifice much valuable time in the very arduous task of looking out for a rare book, for it is highly probable that much time would be sacrificed, as such a book as Waldron's History was not to be got for nothing. From the latter part, we find that while Sir Walter was attending to the wishes of his friend, he was not neglecting to use the means whereby his other and more important interests might be advanced. The wish to serve Train in a manner which would not only be a proof of the high estimation in which he held him, but which would also be a more substantial means of recognising his very important services, was always present with Sir Walter. But the fact of his being so unsuccessful arose from the number of Englishmen who, possessing influence with the Board of Excise, which had been removed to London, were always appointed to whatever lucrative situations were vacant.

The perusal of Waldron's History of the Isle of Man, was the suggestive influence which led Train to begin the collecting of materials for a modern history of that interesting island and people; and he succeeded so well in his gleaning, that he resolved to draw up a detailed history whenever he found leisure to do so,

for his everyday avocations were more than sufficient to engross his attention, without engaging in an undertaking requiring so much care and labour.

Train, in the spring of 1818, forwarded to Sir Walter the ladle of the last resident hangman in Dumfries. This ladle was used by that interesting individual on market-days, for the purpose of taking a ladleful from every sack of meal which came into the market. This was one of the perquisites of the finisher of the law from time immemorial, and although it was considered by all to be an unjust encroachment on the rights of the people, it was tolerated on account of being "use and wont;" but about the middle of the last century, as capital punishments became less frequent, and the hangman more an object of disgust than anything else, the objections became more marked, and a universal desire was manifested throughout Scotland, that this arbitrary exaction on the part of one so obnoxious should be done away with altogether.

In Dumfries, it was tolerated more on account of the age of their hangman, Roger Wilson, than from any other principle. So, on the death of Roger, "all who had a black coat" attended his funeral, but they resolved that, with his death, the practice of taking meal from the farmers' sacks should cease.

In course of time another hangman was appointed, and he, no doubt, deeming that everything connected with that honourable office was to remain with it as before, sallied forth on the market-day to claim his perquisite; but he soon found out his mistake, for, persisting to claim his fee, he was levelled to the ground.

This created a great disturbance for some time, but it had the effect of freeing them from the duty, and ultimately ridding them of the hated presence of a hangman altogether. The ladle was allowed to rust for some fifty years, until it was found by Train, and he, deeming it worthy of preservation, sent it to Sir Walter.

It is well known that Sir Walter had always living models for the more prominent characters of his novels, and these, materially assisted by a general knowledge of men, were the great means of his signal success.

About the end of the last century, a singular individual wandered through Ayrshire and Galloway, who, discarding part of the dress of her sex, was habited in a man's coat and plaid. On her head she wore a hat, and in her hand she carried a shepherd's crook, and, strange to say, she was followed by a few sheep in her wanderings.

This singular being was the prototype of Madge Wildfire, in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, but was a far more amiable character than the mad woman of the Lothians. She was called Feckless Fanny, or the Wife wi' the Sheep. In person she was above the middle height, her features were sharp and thin, and her eyes had a wild unearthly glare when provoked, but when treated kindly she was gentle and peaceable. Little could be learned from her of her birth, but it was the popular belief that she was the daughter of a squire in England, who, on finding that his shepherd had dared to speak to his daughter the gentle whisperings of love, without compunction shot him, and drove his daughter, who reciprocated the passion of the young shepherd, from his house. She taking up "his crook, his hat, and his plaid," and attended by the sheep, which were his hire, became a wanderer throughout the land.

This singular unfortunate was the original of Sir Walter's Madge Wildfire, and all the information respecting her was furnished him by Train, who, although he had never seen her, yet from the description of others who had, was enabled to describe her minutely. Mournfully pleasing, as far as regards romantic effect, and sadly pathetic as a reality, is the memory of the solitary wanderer, whose presence to

those of a past age was familiar; though nearly a century has rolled by since she traversed the mosses and wilds of Galloway, or the more fertile plains of Ayrshire, yet the idea awakens in our hearts a sympathy for such loneliness!

The Norlings, a party of fishermen who had been settled for many centuries at Findhorn, were the next objects of Train's attention and investigation. They were a race who, although they had been settled at Findhorn for many centuries, as we have said, were entirely apart and characteristic in their manners and customs from the rest of their neighbours. Like the Egyptians of old, they considered the intercourse and fellowship which ought to exist between man and man, as an encroachment upon their prejudiced exclusiveness, and treated every one who did not belong to their colony as infidels and unclean persons. Through the kindness of an excise friend in Morayshire, Train became possessed of much valuable information respecting their manners and customs, and, as usual, forwarded it to the usual quarter. That Sir Walter made no use of the information is evident, but Train says that the next time he saw his illustrious friend he alluded to it, and related a story in connexion with the fishermen of Findhorn, which he had heard some weeks previous; it is as follows:—

James I. when on his way to Inverness to quell his rebellious subjects, stopped at Elgin, and wished to have some of the fish caught by the new settlers at Findhorn, for dinner. Among those served up were two flounders, the one laid on its back and the other on its belly, which made them appear so different, that his Majesty, not deeming them to be the same kind of fish, after partaking of both, declared that the white flounder was a more delicate fish than the dark; and such was the ignorance of his attendants, that none of them could correct the mistake of their royal master.

But we turn again to Joseph Train. Years had rolled swiftly and imperceptibly away—laborious yet happy years. He had roamed among the wild hills, where every green knoll and deep morass had a thrilling tale of the past to tell of feudalism—of days when the struggle for liberty was the great feature in the character of Scotia's sons. He wandered where the spirits of a forgotten race were hovering around his heathery path, and in silence convincing him that he was their benefactor to the memory of other years—memories which were gradually descending to oblivion.

There was not a cairn or a Druidical ruin, from the one end of the land to the other, that he had not

seen. There was not a floating fragment of traditionary lore but he had collected and treasured up, so that they might enjoy the immortal distinction of being, by the gifted Scott, woven into the glorious pages of his fascinating romance, or treasured up, that he might sing of them himself in simple and pathetic accents. His lay was not that of the caged prisoner in its gilded home, but of the modest plumaged songster among the woods, enjoying the sweets of liberty. His was no dreamy enthusiasm nor maudlin sentimentalism, which is often the substitute of nobler feelings—it was not the base coin of affectation, nor the love of the hireling's reward, which animated the exertions of the antiquary; but it was an honest love of nature and the past, ardent in its growth, yet rational in its aspirations. Happy in his friends, and though humble, honoured with the esteem of the great, yet still maintaining his individual independence with uprightness of heart. Happy in his domestic circle, at peace with all the world, and loving all with that love which is the true indication of a noble heart.

The influence which Sir Walter had often used in his behalf, had been long used in vain. At last, when the hope of preferment was almost forgotten, he received the following letter from Sir Walter :—

"DEAR MR. TRAIN,—You know I am a thankless and negligent correspondent, but I have not been an idle nor an ineffectual solicitor. I went with your last letter to upbraid my friend the Advocate with the delay of the only promise he ever made me, and he stopped my mouth in the most agreeable manner, by saying that Mr. Parish had acquainted him that my friend, Mr. Train, was named supervisor. I think I may safely wish you joy, and I assure you it was not my fault I have not had that pleasure long ago; but the matter has been kept sight of constantly, and the delay has not been owing to the Advocate or me.

"I wish you heartily joy of your appointment, which you must have heard of officially. I assure you it will give me pleasure at any time to give you a further lift.—I am, dear Mr. Supervisor Train, yours very truly, WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, 15*th December* 1820."

The promotion which he had been led to expect for many a day had come at last, and the drudgery of the officer was exchanged for the not less onerous duties of the supervisor. He was appointed to Cupar-Fife, immediately after his election, and proceeded thither with his family, leaving many friends be-

hind him, who missed much the cheerful conversation and the witty sallies of the humorous exciseman. The days he spent in Newton-Stewart were often in after life looked back to, with pleasing remembrance, as the time in which his wanderings among the wilds of that rugged land were most productive of pleasure and most fertile in legendary riches.

His farewell to Galloway is pleasing and simple, and very expressive of the feelings of the author:—

"Ye mountains of Galloway, shrouded in mist,
Wild scenes of repose, where I no more may rest;
Those haunts where the ptarmigan, sullen and lone,
Looks down on the world from his grey granite throne.
Though cormorant never was heard on thy hills;
Though sloeworms and adders lie coiled by thy rills,
The crooks of the Minnock and links of the Cree
Will still in remembrance be hallowed by me.

"No more shall I listen at night from thy rocks,
To the eagle's wild scream or the howl of the fox,
Nor wind through thy dingles and dells to survey
The limits of monarchies long pass'd away.
No longer a guest in thy loneliest glen,
Shall the wanderer be found 'midst the dwellings of men;
Yet it ever has been, and will still be his pride
To tell of our sires how they lived, how they died.

"But, alas! like the child whose exulting breath lays
The card-castle low which he hasten'd to raise,
The joy that I feel drives the vision away,
And chill disappointment returns with the day.

How I long to revisit the sweet banks of Ayr,
And scramble for shreds of antiquity there,
As oft I have done where old Skermorlie's keep,
And Carrick's proud city once skirted the deep.

" Thy fortlets and castles with pleasure I've viewed,
That have often resisted a foray and feud;
And dreamed, as I roamed every battle-field o'er,
Of Scotland's proud heroes, so dreadful of yore.

. . . . . .

" But a truce to complainings, for why should I grieve,
The loved scenes of youthful enjoyment to leave,
Since the Minstrel, the pride of his country and king,
Extends e'en o'er me his kind sheltering wing;
For 'tis mine above all other mortals to find,
That his goodness of heart is as great as his mind."

His settlement at Cupar opened up a new field for the exercise of his antiquarian predilections, and his leisure time was occupied as usual in the pursuit of the relics of antiquity. There his district was interesting and extensive, and as soon as the officers under him became aware of his *penchant* for objects of antiquity, they, with hearty goodwill, furthered his wishes to the utmost, collecting old stories and accounts of superstitions which were new to him, and therefore highly valuable. Indeed they carried their zeal too far, and in one instance caused Train great uneasiness—one of them stripping part of the cloth from the State Chair of James IV. in the Palace of Falkland.

It was true that the palace was in no way protected or cared for, but that did not palliate the unwarrantable conduct of the officer in the eyes of his superior.

He was ever anxious to obtain relics of that description, but he would never condescend to obtain them in such a manner, and the officer who was guilty of the offence received a severe rebuke from the antiquary.

It says but little for those who were in power, that such a place as Falkland should have been so exposed. It is mournful to think that the time-honoured ruins of the past should be so neglected. Time-honoured, did we say? It is honoured by more than time. It was the proud residence of Scotland's kings in the days of their pride, when a monarch of the Stuart line sat upon the throne of his sires, and ruled the Scottish people unfettered or unchained,—when the thistle was the emblem of the independence which the Scotchman loved to speak of, and no climbing treacherous parasite clung to its hardy stem.

There is something in the stately decay of Falkland which we venerate—something that we prize and love;—simply because it is a memorial on the waste of time of Scotland's departed royalty and Scotland's ancient pride. Such was the ruined state of

Falkland, that on a visit which Train made somewhat later, he saw a cow standing beside the throne!

The story of the image of St. Flanning was the antiquary's next contribution to Sir Walter, which we give :—

"St. Flanning was the son of an Irish king, who was consecrated bishop of Killaloe at Rome, by Pope John IV. in 639. Among many other chapels dedicated to him, and bearing his name, there are the ruins of one on the south side of the Great Canal, about two miles from Kirkintilloch, in which, from a very remote period, down to the Revolution in 1688, an image of the tutelary saint was kept with the greatest care and devotion, but although the black representative of the pious Bishop of Killaloe, like all other idols of the Catholic religion in Scotland at that period, was hurled from the sanctuary, where it had stood for many ages, yet the wonderful virtues ascribed to it remained, and continued to be as firmly believed as formerly by many persons, even to the present day.

"When the image disappeared from the public eye at the Reformation, it was taken secretly into the possession of a poor family in the neighbourhood, who, in a short time, by frugal industry, became more wealthy than their neighbours; but it being at last

discovered that they were in possession of the image of the Irish saint, the improvement in their circumstances was wholly ascribed to its tutelary protection.

"The desire of wealth soon gained so great an ascendency over religious tenets, that the most stern reformers in the barony, claimed as their right to take the image of the saint at certain periods, or on particular occasions, into their possession, till at length the idol became the joint property of all the people in the barony, but out of their bounds nothing could tempt them to allow it to be taken. The peasants of the surrounding country imagined that the people of St. Flanning were the happiest individuals in the universe; they thought they saw their sheep fatter than those of any other district, their wives and children more healthy, and their property increase more rapidly, all which was ascribed to the particular care the Saint had taken of them for preserving his image, after every other of a similar description in the country had been destroyed.

"These envious neighbours had often attempted to steal away the image, but without success, till at last they hired two ruffians, who were little known in the country, to take it out of the house of an old woman, who had it carefully wrapped up in her intended winding-sheet, after which they spread a

rumour, that these fellows, being smugglers, had burned the saint under a whisky-still in Fannyside Moor; but the people of St. Flanning firmly believe that it is still in their neighbourhood, and are strengthened in their opinion, as they say, by the thriving appearance of the supposed possessors of the venerable relic."

Train was not permitted to remain long in Cupar. The general idea with which the Excise authorities are possessed, is, that to allow their officers to remain too long in one place, is inimical to the interests of the revenue. We often see that as soon as an officer becomes intimate with those in the locality in which he sojourns, he is removed. This is not so much adhered to now as it was in the days of Train; then the very fact of an officer being beloved by the community, was to them a certain sign of his inefficiency. We do not prefer such a charge against Train, for to do so would be to coincide with the absurd opinions of those potentates who preside over the revenue: but we speak of this as the general idea entertained. Had he been judged by that criterion, he would, indeed, have been found inefficient anywhere, and pronounced unfit for such a service.

CHAPTER VII.

IS APPOINTED TO QUEENSFERRY—THE RIDING OF THE MARCHES—THE PALACE NEST—HE REMOVES TO FALKIRK—SIR WALTER'S NEXT LETTER—TYRANNY OF THE EXCISE OFFICIALS—IS APPOINTED TO DUMFRIES—BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MR. M'DIARMID AND OTHERS—IS REDUCED FROM THE RANK OF SUPERVISOR, BUT RESTORED IN SIX MONTHS—LEAVES DUMFRIES FOR CASTLE-DOUGLAS.

In June 1822, after a residence of two years in Cupar, Train was removed to Queensferry, a district which had the reputation of being the worst in the whole of the east country. From its central situation, it had already been well gleaned by former antiquaries, yet even there the indefatigable Train found, as he says himself, "some relics of a time gone bye" with which Sir Walter was not previously acquainted. He used every means by which he might increase his information regarding disputed facts in antiquity, and add fresh treasures to that immense store of antiquarian riches which he had already accumulated;

and although his duties in Queensferry were onerous, he always found sufficient time to pursue his researches.

His name became a "household word," in whatever locality he sojourned, and all who possessed a taste for literature or antiquities were ambitious of the acquaintance of the vivacious supervisor.

Though discriminating in his knowledge of men and character, he enjoyed the friendship of all; nor have we ever heard that he assumed a superiority over those with whom he was acquainted.

Nor was it on account of his intimacy with Scott, or any accidental circumstance, that he was so much esteemed or so well known, for at that time, and for some years after, his intimacy with the great novelist was a profound secret, so much so, that even his own family were unaware of the fact.

Shortly after his settlement at Queensferry, he visited Sir Walter in Edinburgh, and amused him with the following account of a ludicrous scene of which he had been a spectator the day previous. We do not remember having seen it mentioned by any other writer. It is called the Riding of the Marches, and is a quaint and curious custom which the good people of Linlithgow have perpetuated through the centuries, and which is maintained to this day with unfaded enthusiasm.

"The Riding of the Marches is always a great day in Linlithgow. At an early hour the freemen convene in their holiday clothes, their hats decorated with ribbons, like pennons streaming in the wind, and mounted chiefly on the deep-galled gerrans of the royalty, caparisoned with sunk or saddle, as best suits the convenience of the rider. Thus equipped, the banners of the respective corporations are unfolded, and off the cavalcade marches at a funeral pace, preceded by the town piper, blowing his chanter with might and main, till the halls of the palace resounded his martial strain, and flanked by halberdiers in 'scarlet dight,' profusely trimmed with chequered lace of various hues, as worn by the servants of that ancient burgh in the days of its greatness.

"I was carelessly sauntering along the strand of the ebbing Forth, towards the Castle of Blackness, ruminating on the various parts of our national history with which that ancient stronghold is associated, when the sound of the ancient warpipe struck upon my ear, and turning to the eminence whence it proceeded, the whole cavalcade appeared in view. I was struck with astonishment at beholding such a warlike squadron of troopers, with so many pedestrian attendants, in a time of peace, bearing down

upon the old fortress, as the Assyrians, 'gleaming in purple and gold.'

"Upon taking seemingly a strong military position in front of the garrison, each trooper dismounted, and committed his charger to the care of his esquire, and proceeded, as I thought, to hold a council of war, but soon I perceived they were otherwise engaged.

"The convener, or some less dignified personage of the Guild Brotherhood, was undergoing the ceremony of being crowned with oziers, as I supposed, for want of laurel—there being none in the immediate neighbourhood. Others were busily employed in erecting a marquee for his Majesty, to protect him from the inclemency of the weather, as I thought, in case of the siege being protracted.

"Since the invention of fire-arms, Blackness must have been considered by military men as an inconsiderable place of defence, having accommodation only for a limited number of troops, either to sally out upon assailants, or to resist, with any chance of success, a regular bombardment.

"I had no means of ascertaining to what extent the garrison was provided with military stores or provisions, to stand a protracted siege, but when Linlithgow came down, the numerical force to whose valour the fortlet was intrusted, consisted of one frail

bombardier, with five veteran fuseemen, whose shrivelled frames bespoke great length of servitude, but who seemed determined not to yield their military reputation to the guild-brethren of Linlithgow, whose advance on the castle they eyed seemingly with the greatest solicitude; but as soon as they began to pitch their camp immediately in front of the glacis, all within the castle was seemingly bustle and activity. The main gate was shut with a sounding clash, followed by rattling of chains and the grating of iron bolts. The meteor flag of England was hoisted to the staff-head as if by magic, and the fuseemen appeared upon the ramparts, each at his gun, and seemingly awaiting the word of command to pour death into the camp of the enemy.

"The Trades viewed these warlike preparations on the part of the enemy, without manifesting any concern, being aware that they had neither the means nor the inclination to do any harm. When the ceremony of the coronation was finished, a herald was despatched to demand admission into the castle, which he intimated, by giving three loud knocks at the great gate with his baton. 'Who comes here?' said the old Governor Bombardier, who had taken his station within the portcullis; 'The Lion King-at-Arms, demanding admittance for his Majesty and

his attendants, into this his Castle of Blackness,' was the reply. After the herald had passed several times between the governor and the king, bearing formal messages, the great gate was thrown open, and the whole cavalcade marched in triumphantly, and partook freely of the stores provided by the sutler bombardier-governor for the occasion.

" The reason given for this mummery is, that at an early period of Scottish history, the men of Linlithgow assisted their monarch in subduing a rebel chief who held the Castle of Blackness. For their valorous achievements, the king granted to them and their successors, ' while wood grew, and water ran,' the superiority of that garrison."

Train, in the discharge of his duty, often visited a brickwork in the neighbourhood of Blackness, where he became acquainted with the fogies of the Castle, and with great delight listened to their old stories of their experiences in " the tented field."

At a future period, on relating some of their stories to Sir Walter, he said, " that the adventures of the fogies of Blackness would make an interesting volume."

It was a peculiar feature in Train's character, that he never neglected to cultivate the acquaintance of those who were likely to afford him any information ; and

such was his tact in ascertaining what he wanted to know, that he led on his informers so imperceptibly that it was often a matter of astonishment to themselves how they had been induced to relate so much, and he generally left them without revealing his object, or attaching any importance to what he had received.

At Blackness, Train became intimate with a Mr. Struther, the proprietor of the Brick Works. This gentleman had, in his possession, a natural curiosity which attracted the attention of our antiquary. This was a nest which had been found by a drummer boy, in the Palace of Linlithgow, in that apartment which was called Queen Mary's Chamber. It was in a petrified state, and the eggs, six in number, had the appearance of marble. That it had been formed in the place where it was found, was an idea too preposterous to be entertained for a moment; but the probable and most likely conclusion is, that it had been brought thither at some remote period, and had escaped the fire in the time of Cromwell. This object, trivial as it may appear, was the cause of a protracted lawsuit between the gentleman before-mentioned and the keeper of the Palace, the latter presuming that it ought to be his on account of its being found in the Palace. Mr. Struther was allowed to keep it from

want of evidence; and, at his death, it fell into the hands of Train, who sent it to Sir Walter Scott. Train complains that Sir Walter did not value it as much as he would have done a skene-dhu; and it is not a matter of wonder to us that he did not, when we consider the direction of the great Minstrel's taste.

The calm of his life was again destined to be disturbed; the cessation of the duty on salt had the effect of removing him to Falkirk, in January 1823, where, he says, he "began researches with redoubled ardour." Some time previous to his arrival, a brick manufactory had been established for the manufacture of fire-bricks, for Government purposes. This required such strict attention on his part, that not a day passed without his visiting the work. In the discharge of his professional duty, he became acquainted with Joseph Stainton, Esq., one of the proprietors and the sole conductor of this extensive establishment. This acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy, which continued until the death of Mr. Stainton, a year after. From this gentleman, Train received many marks of kindness; and their acquaintance, though short, was enhanced by kindred tastes and sympathetic feelings. Immediately before his death our antiquary received from him the stock-

bow of Sir John the Græme, who fell at the Battle of Falkirk, in 1298. This interesting relic, Mr. Stainton intended to have presented to the Society of Antiquaries, but, on his friend's account, he altered his intention.

Train also received from Mr. Stainton a broad cast-metal plate, with many singular figures on it, seemingly made in 1696. He also received a Roman Tripod, found near Loudon Hill, and an Andrea Ferrara found on the field of battle, near Falkirk.

Shortly after his arrival in Falkirk, he visited the Torwood, with the expectation of finding some fragment of that far-famed tree, under which the deliverer of Scotland found shelter from his enemies. He was like to be disappointed, for no vestige of the tree was to be seen above ground. He was, however, not to be baulked, for, on obtaining permission to dig, he found as much of the root as served his purpose. Having previously procured a small portion of the yew-tree planted on the spot where the gallant Sir John the Græme, the highly-esteemed friend and companion of Wallace, fell in battle, he got each piece of these celebrated trees made into a drinking-cup or *quaigh*, lined and hooped with silver; but he refrained from putting an inscription on them, for the same reason which Lord Byron assigned when he

presented his celebrated vase to Sir Walter—to avoid the appearance of ostentation.

These drinking-cups, with the plate, the bow, and the sword, were presented to Sir Walter. With all of them he was highly pleased, but he spoke particularly of the drinking-cups—"These," said he, "shall henceforth be filled and emptied daily at my table, in commemoration of *Wallace Wight* and Græme of Dundaff, two of the bravest knights that Scotland ever saw."

The situation of supervisor was then (more so than it is now), the most arduous in the Revenue Service. It was so even in the days of Burns, who, in a letter to a friend, dated 1794, says—"The business of a Supervisor is an incessant drudgery, and is nearly a complete barrier to every species of literary pursuit." This Train found to be truly the case; and, although it did not, as we well know, preclude the cultivation of the natural bent of his mind, yet it greatly hindered him in the pursuit of his inclinations. This Sir Walter was aware of, and therefore, notwithstanding his many unfortunate applications on the subject of his promotion, continued to evince great anxiety to get the antiquary advanced to the rank of General Surveyor or Collector, in furtherance of which object he applied to Lord Liverpool,

then Prime Minister, from whom it appears, by the following letter, he received a favourable answer :—

"DEAR MR. TRAIN,—I have received two very kind letters from Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel, on the subject of your promotion. It seems, the appointment lies with the Board of Excise, not with the Treasury; but they have recommended you to Mr. Lushington, which one would think would be sufficient from their natural high influence.—Dear Mr. Train, your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, 23*d June* 1824."

From the time that the Board of Excise had been removed to London, there existed a monopoly of the most lucrative situations by Englishmen, and no Scotchman, however just his pretensions might appear, had any chance of obtaining preferment. There was a wish entirely to exclude them from the service. Some were reduced to a lower rank, others were discharged from the service without a reason being assigned for such arbitrary measures, and not a few died broken-hearted; and all this misery had, for its author, an unprincipled man, named Pape, who, by one dash of his pen, sent destitution and misery to many a happy home.

These heartless proceedings were taken for the purpose of making room for a gang of English Surveyors,

who came down as proud of the ink-horn which hung at their button, as if it had been the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

They held a temporary rank at first, and were to be promoted as they distinguished themselves, consequently they were *zealous* in the discharge of their duty, so much so, that many of the old Supervisors were, at their instigation, reduced from the rank which they were to fill, to a subordinate position. Train among the rest soon felt their officious services. One of them, named Howard, an illiterate and unprincipled man, with the assistance of a crowbar, wrenched off the fastening of a distillery utensil in our antiquary's district, and reported to the Board that it was insecure. This Train asserted to be a falsehood. He was, however, removed to Wigtown, although he proved to the satisfaction of the Board that he was in no way negligent of his duty. The reason assigned for his removal was that he had been too plain with the Board, and his want of courtesy to the strangers rendered it necessary that he should feel their displeasure.

Thus we see that the Revenue Service must have been in a very corrupt state indeed, when the plain and simple truth was not equal to the undermining chicanery of its despotic officials. It would have been

a great stretch of good-nature surely, to have been courteous to men who had come for the purpose of taking the morsel from the lips of the men already discharging their duty honestly and faithfully.

Mr. Lewars, the Supervisor of Dumfries District, and who had been an intimate friend of the poet Burns, was also selected as an object of the most heartless persecution; every annoyance which human malice could invent, or a depraved ingenuity devise, was put into requisition by the English Supervisors to render him unhappy. They at last succeeded: he resigned in disgust.

Train applied for his situation, and, contrary to his own expectations and the wishes of the Southrons, succeeded in obtaining it. With Mr. Lewars, he was on the most intimate footing; and when he came to Dumfries, he occupied a house near what was called the Wind Mill—now the Observatory—and a short distance from where Mr. Lewars resided. At his house there was many an interesting *réunion*, and among those who were his every-day visitors may be mentioned M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, a man who occupied a prominent position in the world of letters, and Mr. William Bennet, one whose industry and perseverance had raised him from a humble position to some eminence. John M'Diarmid

merits more than a passing remark. He was a most remarkable man. During his time the *Dumfries Courier* attained a position seldom occupied by a provincial newspaper (an eminence which we are glad to say is still in some manner maintained by his son William M'Diarmid, the present editor). One of his works, the *Scrap Book*, has established his fame as an author. In manners he was eccentric in the extreme, and he possessed an originality of expression peculiarly quaint and graphic. He has by some of his contemporaries been called a minor Walter Scott.

Nor is William Bennet undeserving of notice. From a very humble position he rose, by force of intellect and patient industry, to comparative eminence. He succeeded Sheridan Knowles as editor of the *Glasgow Free Press*, which he conducted, until his resignation, with great spirit. He is still living, but John M'Diarmid has gone the way of all the earth.

Mrs. Burns was then alive and residing in Dumfries, and everything that was worthy of remembrance connected with her husband was stored up by these, his ardent admirers.

From Mr. Lewars, Train obtained the original manuscript containing an account of the purchase made by Burns of the four carronades which the poet sent to the National Convention.

Train was as happy in Dumfries as was possible under the persecutions to which he was continually subjected by the Goths of the Excise. He was in the enjoyment of the friendship of a few choice spirits, who could think as he thought and feel as he felt. Although it was his greatest pleasure to talk of antiquity, yet he never sacrificed other people's tastes to his own, nor was it his wont to monopolize the conversation; he rather chose to stand in the background, and, by a well-timed remark, show his knowledge of the subject under discussion. Poetry was often the subject of their conversation; and it was his practice to rehearse any old ballad to his friends which he might have procured during his journey of the previous day. His home was the scene of domestic happiness and comfort. In the words of one of his friends,—"There could be no finer picture of calm-flowing mutual affection than existed between them and their children, and nothing so pleasing as their unostentatious hospitality. Mrs. Train had been exceedingly good-looking; and when I first saw her, with her look of quiet matronly sagacity and affection, she impressed me with an almost filial esteem, which I have never lost."

Some time after his settlement in Dumfries, the following paragraph appeared in the *Paisley Adver-*

tiser, and went the round of the press of not only Great Britain and America, but likewise of the Continent. It ran thus :—

"*Sir Walter Scott and the Scotch Novels.*

"The following circumstances, which we relate on good authority, go far to identify Sir Walter Scott with the author of these popular novels and tales, ascribed to his pen. Some years ago a Mr. Joseph Train published a small volume of poems, illustrated by notes, which evinced considerable antiquarian research on the part of the author. Train presented Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott with a copy of this volume, the annotations of which pleased him so much that he invited the author to Abbotsford, procured his advancement in the Excise, and made very favourable mention of him in the notes to one of his own poems. On one of Train's visits, the history of the Covenanters formed the principal topic of conversation. Train then related to Sir Walter a circumstance of which he was not previously aware, viz., that an old man perambulated the south of Scotland for many years, cleaning the grave-stones of the martyrs, who, from the nature of his employment, was designated *Old Mortality*. A few months after this Train was not a little

astonished to receive from Sir Walter a copy of a work to which his researches had not only furnished the title, but embodied in which he discovered several anecdotes so recently sent by him to the reputed author."

Our antiquary was startled at such an announcement, for it had been his study, ever since Sir Walter enjoined him to keep the nature of their correspondence a secret, to do so, and in no one instance did he ever divulge any of their correspondence, except previously to his knowing that his patron wished to remain *incognito*. He had related the particulars of his first meeting with the Minstrel of the North to one of his friends, Captain Dennistoun, to whom we have previously alluded, and Mr. Dobie of Grangevale, Beith.

How this paragraph got into print, or who the author of it was, he could never ascertain, nor did it much matter, for Sir Walter took no notice of it; but on Train's manifesting anxiety lest he should be implicated in the matter, the Baronet remarked that he was sorry he had taken so much thought about so trivial a matter, for "he regarded what was said as little as the passing wind."

During his short stay in Wigtown, Train, ever on the alert for something curious, obtained from

H. Hawthorn, Esq. of Castlewigg, the head of a uris, found in a marl pit upon his estate. This was the finest specimen found for many a year. He had likewise an Andrea Ferrara, said to have belonged to the Laird of Lagg, of persecuting memory, also a flint arrow-head, found at the Tower of Repentance in Dumfries-shire, a Roman denarius, found near the same place, and an antique spoon of Roman metal, found in the camp at Burnswark, all of which he took with him to Abbotsford and presented to Sir Walter. Our readers may deem so minute an account of the relics of antiquity superfluous, yet we assure them that these were of inestimable value in the eyes of the antiquary, who, when anything of that description could be procured, spared neither labour nor money in the attainment of his object.

His journeys to Abbotsford were performed on horseback. In one of these journeys by Mount Benger, he saw the Ettrick Shepherd, and on his return home again he met him at Lamington Lamb Fair, where a party of strolling players were that night to enact the *Brownie of Bodsbeck* in a barn, at the prospect of which the Shepherd seemed highly delighted.

In one of these visits to Sir Walter, he related at table the story of the Fifeshire surgeon's daughter,

which pleased the Baronet so much that he said, "Well, Mr. Train, you never run out of excellent stories; you should really publish a collection of them. I will assist you to prepare them for the press. You know one good turn deserves another; you have helped me,—it is now my turn to help you. From my influence with the booksellers I will assure you of two or three hundred pounds. You may even publish some of the stories you sent to me; they are not the worse of having passed through my hands, as I disguise them for reasons you well know."

Had the antiquary followed the advice of his patron, the publishing of a volume of tales would, no doubt, under his patronage, have been as lucrative as he could have wished, but the doing so would have brought him more prominently before the public, and consequently lowered him in the estimation of the Excise authorities. This is Train's own reason, and we acknowledge it is a weighty one, when we consider the state of matters which then existed. He was proud to find that his account of the Surgeon's Daughter formed the basis of an interesting tale, though the fact of his supplying Sir Walter with that information was, when known to the potentates of the Revenue, the cause of trouble. He was now regarded as one who had *dared* to think

sometimes of other things than Excise business. An opportunity soon presented itself to the ever-watchful Pape, a man who prided himself on the distress he could bring upon those who were under his sway. At Sark Bridge Toll-bar, near Gretna, there lived a person named Gibson, who applied for an Excise licence to sell spirits, which was refused. It appeared, however, that he had sold privately for the space of a month, without detection—a thing not at all to be wondered at, considering that the toll-bar was twenty-six miles distant from Dumfries. However, an eccentric individual, named German, commander of a preventive boat on the English establishment stationed on the Solway, almost at Gibson's door, took a seat on the mail-coach that passed the smuggler's door about midnight, and calling for a gill of spirits, easily obtained it, a sea-cloak which he wore disguising him from those who would otherwise have known him. This affair was represented in the worst possible light; and because Train had allowed a person of a different establishment to come into his district and make a detection which should have been made by himself, or some of his officers, our antiquary was reduced from the rank of supervisor. At the expiration of six months he was, however, on his own petition to the Board, restored to his former rank, and appointed to Castle-

Douglas district, vacant by the removal of Mr. Porteous—another instance of the petty tyranny of some of the Commissioners.

During his residence in Dumfries we are not aware that he made many important discoveries, nor was he brought in any way into notice during that time. His leisure was spent more in the society of intimate acquaintances than it had hitherto been, so that, with the exception of what we have recorded, his researches were neither so interesting nor varied as at a former period of his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRAIN'S SETTLEMENT IN CASTLE-DOUGLAS—SENDS SIR WALTER INFORMATION RESPECTING THE MORRICE DANCERS—SIR WALTER'S NEXT LETTER—FURTHER INFORMATION REGARDING OLD MORTALITY—LETTER FROM SIR WALTER, IN WHICH HE INTRODUCES A FRIEND—SENDS SOME RELICS TO SIR WALTER.

TRAIN left Dumfries with regret. He had formed a circle around him—men whose talents he appreciated, and whose friendship he valued, and the parting from them was the source of much sorrow to him. In Castle-Douglas his duties were more arduous, and his responsibility heavier. He had often above forty miles to ride in the discharge of his duty, and for the most part through wild and unfrequented tracts, where one might ride for miles and not see a human habitation,—where the road stretches through moors, and deep, gloomy glens, everywhere lonely, solemn, silent. Any person familiar with the upper part of Galloway will recognise the picture.

Notwithstanding the length of his journeys, the loneliness of the road, and the unseasonable hours in which he had to travel, he was only once in danger of being molested, and on that occasion escaped so narrowly, that ever after he thought of it with gratitude.

A very dreary ride, which he had periodically to take, was from Glenesslin, parish of Dunscore, when the distillery was there, to Castle-Douglas, through the various wild glens and solitary moors which lie in the old route by Spedloch, Brooklands, Kirkpatrick, &c. He was riding along about twelve o'clock at night. In the very loneliest part of the road he overtook two men, whom he had seen pass Glenesslin some hours before he left it, and whom persons there had pointed out as desperadoes, who had been robbing and pocket-picking at a recent Thornhill fair, and were now on their way to Castle-Douglas for the purpose of following their vocation at a fair which was to be held there on the following day. The night being dark, he was too close upon them to retreat: he resolved to go on, and passing between them, they stood up, one on each side, and inquired at him if they were near any habitation. "Just close upon several," rejoined Train, "and I am hastening forward to prepare

for my friends who are coming up behind." This caused them to look back, and gave Train an excuse for pushing on, which he did at good speed, and he was quite beyond their reach ere they could discover the deception he felt justified in practising on them.

Next day he saw them on the scent in Castle-Douglas fair. On their following some persons into a shop, he went in after them, called them both aside, told them who and what they were, with his manner of ascertaining this, and his *rencontre* with them on the previous night, and said that if they at once agreed to leave the town, he would not denounce them; if otherwise, he would have the authorities upon them instantly. At this they were so surprised and overawed, that they agreed to his proposition, and immediately departed in the direction of Wigtownshire, where he shortly afterwards heard of their career being stopped in consequence of further delinquencies.

The next communication he sent Sir Walter was in November 1827. It had reference to the morrice-dancers, and the peculiar and fantastic garb which some of them assumed in public processions. The first public exhibition of this dress was before one of our kings, on a platform erected on the Tay, near

Perth, when the river was frozen over, on which occasion his Majesty was so much pleased, that he conferred particular marks of favour on the wearer. The dress is held hereditarily to this day.

This antique dress consists of stout fawn-coloured silk cloth, with trappings of red and green satin, richly flowered, so fashioned as to cover the legs and arms of the wearer, over which parts of the body are buckled buff or chamois-leather straps, with twenty-one small bells attached to each. The bells in all were about two hundred and fifty, each having a different tone. There is likewise a cap made of the same materials, in the form of a cone, covered with a kind of network of leather thongs, the ends of which hang round the wearer's neck and shoulders, and on the end of which thong is fixed a large nut-shell, intended to rattle as the person walks or moves his head.

The last wearer of this fantastic habiliment was Lord Lynedoch, who frequently paraded the streets of Perth in it, as recruiting officer, about the commencement of the French war, raising the 90th regiment of foot.

This account brought the old morrice-dancing class of mountebanks under the notice of Sir Walter, who soon afterwards depicted their peculiarities in the

Fair Maid of Perth. About this time Sir Walter informed Train of his intention to publish a new edition of his novels and romances, from Waverley to Woodstock, with an introduction and notes to each tale. This set Train on the *qui vive* to assist him, and in a few weeks he forwarded to Abbotsford an account of the Galwegian localities referred to in the fourth volume of the Waverley Novels, as also a description of Skipper Yakins, the supposed prototype of *Dirk Hatteraick*, and Flora Marshall, the original of *Meg Merrilies*, with an anecdote of her husband, Willie Marshall, king of the western gypsies; and some further information about Old Mortality, which we give after the following letter, acknowledging the receipt of the information alluded to.

"Dear Mr. Train,—Your valued communication arrived in a happy time, and adds highly to the obligations which your kindness has so often conferred on me. I shall not venture to mention the extraordinary connexion between the Bonaparte family and that of Old Mortality, till I learn from you how it is made out, whether by continued acknowledgment and correspondence between the families of the two brothers, or otherwise. A strain of genius (too highly toned in the old patriarch) seems to have run

through the family. The minister of Galashiels is a clever man, and so is his brother.

"If your letter came in good time for me, I have some ground to hope it may not have proved a bad one for yourself. Who should happen to be my guest but Mr. Morton Carr, the young southron, who is surveyor of the Excise. I showed him what was literary, in your favour, and was glad to find him much interested. I had just been waiting an opportunity to speak to him in your behalf, and this came to my hand '*like the boul of a pint-stoup.*' I showed him your poems, and such of your collections as I thought might assist the impression, and had the pleasure of obtaining his promise that he would interest himself in your promotion. He has no direct patronage, but you are aware his influence must be considerable. I hope also to make some interest with the Honourable Captain Percy, whose brother, Lord Louvaine, is an old friend of mine; but we have not yet met.

"Now it will be necessary for me to know which way this species of interest, and particularly Mr. Carr's, who, I am thinking, is serious in wishing to oblige me by serving you, will be best exerted to your advantage. Mr. Carr seems to say the situation of collector was very doubtful, and difficult, and pre-

carious, by the late regulations. I said that I thought you seemed to wish to be relieved from your present situation. But I promised to learn from yourself how you may be best served. Write me soon, and let me know what you think about this.

"Mr. Carr and his sisters, two very accomplished and pleasing young women, came to Abbotsford for a day, and stayed a week; so I suppose they liked us as well as we did them.

"Any additional matter of tradition will be most truly welcome. What a pity Old Mortality's grave cannot be discovered. I would certainly erect a monument to his memory at my own expense.—Always, my dear Mr. Train, your sincerely obliged friend, WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, 17*th April* 1829."

Train communicated to Sir Walter the particulars about Old Mortality, in the handwriting of his son, Mr. Robert Patterson of Dalry, who was alive at that time, and in his 75th year, but who is now dead.

The manuscript gave a distinct account of his brother, John Patterson, and Old Mortality's son, sailing in a vessel called the "Golden Rule" of Whitehaven, from the water of Cree, in Galloway, for America, in the year 1774; of his making a con-

siderable fortune during the American War, and of his afterwards settling at Baltimore, where he improved his fortune by marriage. He had a son named Robert, after his father, Old Mortality, and a daughter named Elizabeth, after his mother, whose maiden name was Grey. Robert married an American lady, who, outliving him, became Marchioness of Wellesley. Elizabeth became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him, wedded Monsieur Serurier, the French consul at Baltimore.

This extraordinary story almost exceeds credibility; yet, though Sir Walter was convinced of its accuracy, he only deferred publishing it to avoid giving offence to his intimate friend the Duke of Wellington.

After this strange revelation, we conclude that the Queen of Westphalia's father was the son of Old Mortality, the religious enthusiast, who wandered throughout the land, in poverty, that he might restore the memorial stones of those who had fallen a sacrifice to the principles which they professed. Along with this account, furnished by the son of Old Mortality, Train sent a sketch of his life, which is inserted in the introduction to the tale. He also sent the mallet and square used by the old man in his avocation. The next letter from Sir Walter was brought to Train by Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, who had come

to Galloway to take drawings of the coast: it is as follows:—

"DEAR MR. TRAIN,—My friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, is desirous of making some drawings on the Galloway coast, and I know none who can direct him to localities so correctly as yourself. I am much obliged by your many favours, and you will add to them by giving Mr. Skene any information he may require.—Yours very truly.

"WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, 29*th June* 1829."

Train accompanied Mr. Skene to the localities he wished to visit. This gentleman made drawings of Barloco and Raeberry Point. He also took sketches, both inside and outside, of Dirk Hatteraick's cave, at Torrs, near the mouth of the Dee. He informed Train of his intention to recommend him to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, at their meeting in November, which he did; and the supervisor was subsequently admitted an honorary member of that body. When in search of materials for a history of the Isle of Man, which he contemplated writing, he found a manuscript volume, containing 108 Acts of the Manx Legislature, anterior to the accession of the Atholl family to the supreme power in Man, and which had

been kept in Castle Rushen from 1422 to 1703. This manuscript contained much interesting information, nowhere else to be found; and, deeming rightly that they would be appreciated by Sir Walter, he transcribed much of it, and, along with some traditions of that little kingdom, which had been sent him by Dr. Oswald of Douglas, forwarded them to Abbotsford. He at the same time sent a visor of brass, found in a morass at Torrs, in the parish of Kelton, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. This antique mask had horns, projecting from the place where the eyeholes should have been, and which were turned back like the horns of a goat. What was its use Train could never ascertain, but, to solve the problem, we have only to remember that the greater part of the nobility in the Middle Ages kept mummers and masqueraders as a part of their establishment. He sent Sir Walter also, at this time, a Roman javelin, which had been found by an old woman at Auchengibbert, in the parish of Urr, in a peat which she was breaking for her fire; it was very entire, considering how long it must have lain in the moss.

Some interesting particulars of the flight of the unfortunate Queen Mary, from Langside to Dundrennan Abbey, were collected by Train and forwarded to Sir Walter, but he considered them too local to

appear as notes to the Abbot. They were at a later period sent to Miss Agnes Strickland, who found them serviceable while writing her life of the ill-fated queen.

An enthusiastic admirer of everything relating to a past age, his researches were always characterized by a zeal and energy which rendered them highly successful; and although he wrought comparatively in silence, his discoveries were not the less valuable. His mind seemed an inexhaustible storehouse, where everything that was covered with the moss of age had a niche. He saw a romantic, softly-subdued beauty in the transactions of the men of other times, which dwelt with a pleasing and elevating influence around him, and stirred him on to discover and unfold to the world the doings of the past. It is said that he scarcely ever sat down to arrange into narrative the traditions which he gathered,—this was done on horseback, on his journey home through the wild moors; and the little time which he could spare from his very arduous duties was employed in transcribing and despatching them to those for whom they were destined. Indeed, we are informed that all his verses were composed when traversing the green hills of Ayrshire, examining the old castles of the days of Scottish freedom, or when riding through the gloomy moors of Gallo-

way. The following, entitled, "The Ruthless Raid," is of an antiquarian cast.

"Rise men of Galloway, spread fast the slogan,
War-beacons kindle from Criffel to Logan;
Bridle for battle colt, gerran, and filly,—
Leave not unmounted laird, vassal, or gillie;
Brave will he be that is first in the fray,—
To horse and to arms for old Galloway's glory!

"Rise men of Galloway, up and be arming,—
Fierce are the foemen that round you are swarming;
Erin's wild Cruithne again is returning,—
To plunder and slay whilst your cabins are burning;
On with each mettle-jack, plate, glove, and knapapee,—
Come to the beach, as your fathers did—cap-a-pee!

"Rise men of Galloway!—see at Loch Ryan
Erin's green banners triumphantly flying;
Wild is the strewment of war-galleys stranded,
Where the cohorts of wild Gallowglasses are landed.
O'er Rhewlands and Manchers the shamrock is spreading,
Whilst foes on the graves of our fathers are treading.

"Rise men of Galloway!—like a flood gushing
Drive away those who against us are rushing;
Though they may outnumber us, can we fear danger,
Who never could bow to the yoke of a stranger?
When there is strife we'll be first in the foray,
All mounted and armed for old Galloway's glory!"

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER ANTIQUARIAN GLEANINGS—ACCOUNT OF THE WASSAIL BOWLS—MONS MEG—THREAVE CASTLE—BRAWNY KIM—ANECDOTE OF BURNS—RORIE GILL.

THERE is a mine of antiquarian treasure in Galloway which seems almost inexhaustible. The events of the darker eras of superstition appear to have left as many memorials in that wild and solitary district as on the fertile plains of Coila. It may be that the associations connected with the past can in the plain be more easily traced than on the mountain, and in process of time become more familiar to the mind; but in the district of the wild and barren heath the discoveries of the antiquary have been less numerous, and the knowledge of the days of feudalism has not burst upon the minds of all at once, but has been so obscure as to require the most persevering industry on the part of the antiquary in his researches,

to elucidate and render visible the many hidden evidences of the manners and customs of earlier ages.

We may now glance at some of those researches which engrossed the attention of Train. Though they were not made use of by Sir Walter, yet they are of sufficient interest to quote from the personal memoranda of the antiquary.

Formerly every burgh of Scotland had a wassail-bowl, generally of very capacious dimensions, presented by the respective Commissioners of Parliament. That of Kirkcudbright was given to the Incorporated Trades by M'Lellan of Bombie ; and, according to the tradition, was first filled in public at the entertainment given to King James V. by the inhabitants of Kirkcudbright, in March 1508. It is built like a tub, with wooden staves, about thirty in number, with hoops, and a rim of brass, and was made to hold nine imperial gallons.

The wassail-bowl of the burgh of New Galloway is of similar dimensions, likewise of wood, hooped with brass, and is said to have been presented to the Town-Council by Hamilton of Bargany, in Ayrshire, about the year 1630. It has, however, been brought more frequently into use than that of Kirkcudbright, having been filled annually on the birth-day of the reigning sovereign, and also on that of Lord Kenmure—not in

the town-hall or at the market-cross, but, till the close of the last century, under a large tree that stands in the immediate neighbourhood of Kenmure Castle, called, time out of mind, "The Supper Thorn," on account of the domestics of the castle and the neighbourhood assembling round it, at the close of the day, to dance to the sound of the stock and horn, the only musical instruments then used in that pastoral district, and to partake of their evening meal.

Another sketch, evincing great research on the part of Train, has much to recommend it to the attention of those interested in the study of antiquity. It is an account of the origin of *Mons Meg*, which has engrossed so much attention, and has been the subject of much difference of opinion. The very interesting information which Train collected, fills up a blank in history, and throws some light on the early manufacture of iron in this country.

That this monster cannon was first used against Threave Castle, the stronghold of the Douglases, the despot lords of Galloway, Train assures us there is not a shadow of a doubt; but that the first ball, which was made of granite from the neighbouring hills, and was as heavy as a Galloway cow, passed through the castle, and carried away the hand of Margaret de Douglas, as she sat at table drinking

wine, admits of a doubt, though Mr. Harry Inglis treats it as a historical fact in his metrical romance, entitled "The Briar of Threave and the Lily of Barholm." We give a part of the story of Mons Meg in Train's own words :—

"This very singular piece of ordnance is said to have been made of 25 bars of iron, bound together with an equal number of hoops, to represent the exact number of persons who contributed to defray the expense of making the piece. As a recompense for the present of this extraordinary engine of war, and for the loyalty of the M'Lellans, who assisted him in subduing the haughty Douglases, James II., before leaving Galloway, erected the town of Kirkcudbright into a royal burgh, and granted to Brawny Kim, the smith, the lands of Mollance, in the neighbourhood of Threave Castle. It is still the custom in Galloway to call people by the name of the lands they possess. Hence the smith was called Mollance. But his wife's name being Meg, and she being possessed of a stentorian voice, the cannon, in honour of her, received the name of Mollance Meg. Nor is it singular that in the course of time the name should be corrupted into the present.

"There is no smithy now at the 'Three Thorns of Carlinwark,' where Brawny Kim and his seven

sons had their forge, and where Mollance Meg was constructed, yet when the road to Portpatrick, which passes through that locality, was being made, the workmen cut through a deep bed of cinders and ashes, which was proof enough of there having a forge existed in that place.

"The only relic of the Douglases which has been preserved, is a black oaken bedstead, well authenticated to have been the principal one in the Castle of Threave, and said to have been that of the Black Douglas himself. It is one of the old closet kind of beds, to be seen yet at some remote farm-houses in both Ayrshire and Galloway. It is not entire, but the parts that remain are entirely covered with carved figures of men and beasts, so rudely executed as to bespeak its high antiquity."

Train became the owner of this precious relic, but had never an opportunity of sending it to him for whom it was destined.

Train, on account of his connexion with those who were intimate with Burns, had many opportunities of learning much, which has never been published, of that illustrious man—much which is highly valuable in reaching to a right estimate of the poet's character. The following anecdote is one among many which the antiquary was wont to relate of the Bard

of Scotia, and which illustrates in a peculiar way the high-souled peasant's character.

On the poet's visit to Kirkcudbright, during which he is said to have composed his "Scots wha hae," he and Mr. Syme took Kenmore Castle on their way, and spent a happy night with its hospitable proprietor, who next morning took them down the loch in his boat, that they might the better contemplate the scenery on both sides. The party included the Rev. Mr. Gillespie, the parish minister of Kells, and father of the late Rev. William Gillespie, his successor in the same parish, and pre-eminently the poet of Glenkens.

When they reached the point where his lordship intended to land and walk home with Mr. Gillespie, taking a shot by the way, he caused the boat to be directed into a shallow sedgy place, where her prow stuck at such a distance from firm ground as to require a considerable leap to get dry ashore. His lordship, in the prime of life and agile, easily sprang ashore, as did also Mr. Syme, and the two thus out immediately turned round, expecting Burns to follow, and highly amused at the thought, which Burns at once detected, of the dilemma in which the worthy old minister would be placed, who was too stiff to leap like the rest, and must either have endangered

his health by wading, or returned neglected in the boat by himself. The manly, generous heart of Burns comprehended the intentions of the two at a glance. His eyes beaming, and his face suffused, he sprung at once over the boat's gunwale, knee-deep in mud, and grasping the old gentleman with outstretched arms, he half-dragged him on to his back, and bore him ashore amid the mingled shame and confusion of the two gentlemen. Mr. Syme was the first to find voice, and exclaimed, as Burns deposited his burden, —"Well, a clerical burden on Burns's back is what I never expected to see!" What reply Burns made is not mentioned; but this, Train affirmed, was the real cause of Burns's silent moodiness towards Mr. Syme after parting from their friends, and the spoiling of Burns's new top-boots by wet was not the effects of a thunder-storm on the moor, as Mr. Syme affirms, but of the spontaneous act of gentlemanliness which we have described.

We have somewhat accidentally stumbled on one of Train's earlier productions, which we value for its antiquarian interest, as recording the deeds of one of the boldest of Galloway caterans, the pest of Galloway and Carrick during the earlier part of the tenth century,—a minor Robin Hood.

Rorie Gill.

" Harvest is come, and the hunter's moon'
Is rising the highest hills aboon.
Loud is the flap of the eagle's wing,
As she starts from her rock by the mountain spring;
While echo carries o'er glen and brake
The howl of the fox by Naberrie's lake.
Sluggards are sleeping, but we must ride,
For winter comes, and it cries 'Provide!'
Buglemen sound the rallying call,
For ready to mount are the troopers all,
Who, in defiance of danger, still
Have followed the fortunes of Rorie Gill.

" On venison oft do I wish to dine,
And wash it down with the rosy wine;
My merry men, too, love wine, and why
Should they not drink it as well as I?
Yet break we not the orphan's bread,
Nor bring down woe on the widow's head—
We pass without harming the child of care,
Nor wish we industry's meed to share;
We only take from the lordly thane,
What honesty deems ill-gotten gain;
And even the foeman's blood to spill
Was ne'er the desire of Rorie Gill.

" By moonlight amain the shire of Ayr
Was sacked to the fortlet of Fairley fair;
And whilst the bells of Kilwinning rung,
And the monks their latest vespers sung,
We filched the gold of that holy shrine,
And drank their health in the sacred wine;
And piously, too, ere we went away,
We forced the Abbot for us to pray:

Then, ere the breeze of the morning blew
From roe in her lair the cold clear dew,
We vanished behind 'brown Carrick hill,'
And safe in the mountains was Rorie Gill.

" Well was our trip to St. Mary's Isle
Paid with the jewels of Devorgoil;
Merrily on from Kenmure we
Fast galloped to Castle Kennedy;—
The currach we launched, we sailed the pond,
We pillaged the Castle, and stript the ground:
And this night from Criggleton we must bring
The stud of the Gallovidian king—
This golden spur once glanced on his heel—
His was this baldric of burnished steel;
And long ere the morning my merry men will
Bring his best geldings to Rorie Gill.

" It was not the eagle, nor yet the fox,
That raised that echo among the rocks:
Oh! it was the searching bloodhound's yell,
And tramping of horsemen down the dell,
And the shouts of many a forrester brave;—
Ha! now they reach the robber's cave.
And ere the guard, with his bugle's sound,
Can warn his merry men lurking round,
Knockmain's brave lord, who gallantly sped
Baldoon's huge adder—his country's dread—
Explores the robber's cave at will,
And springs unlooked for on Rorie Gill.

" While now by the string of his bugle-horn
The guard they hang on a lofty thorn,
His pitying chieftain's wrath arose,
He bursts his bands and springs from his foes;
And again they caught him, and then away
They bore him in haste to Kildorchan Bay.

No justice there was called to aid him,
If his life should be spared or straightway ta'en:
On earth, to make his peace with heaven,
One hour he asked, but it was not given;
And long ere his men could rise on the hill,
Stiff hanged on a wuddie was Rorie Gill.

" Thus fell in his prime the bravest knight,
That e'er gear-hunting went at night;
Wept-for he was, both far and near,
Though the country long he had kept in fear:
And down at night from the blasted tree,
By his merry men carried away was he;
And where bridle roads on the mountains meet,
They laid him without a winding sheet,
Save the heathery turf that wrapped his breast;
And they left him with tears to his long, long rest.
There oft the wanderer stops to see
The big cairn raised to his memory;
And many bosoms with awe yet thrill,
To hear of the wild deeds of Rorie Gill."

Train gathered the materials for this poem in the following manner:—One night when among the hills between Minnigaff and Carsphairn, he lost his way, and was obliged to seek the shelter of a shepherd's cottage. There he found an old man and woman, who, among other legends, told him of the exploits and death of Rorie Gill, the Robin Hood of Galloway. Next morning, as he proceeded on his mountain track, he arranged it into verse, and on his arrival at Dalmellington, his destination, he committed it to paper.

CHAPTER X.

ACCOUNT OF THE PROTOTYPE OF EDIE OCHILTREE—WILLIE MARSHALL, KING OF THE RANDIES—HIS LEVELLING PROPENSITIES—DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter, during the time his edition of the Waverley Novels was in course of publication, had requested Train to furnish him with the particulars of the life of Andrew Gemmil, from whom the Great Minstrel drew the portrait of the mendicant, Edie Ochiltree; but the Supervisor was prevented, by the very laborious duties of his profession, from collecting the necessary information, until too late for Sir Walter's purpose. He, however, sent what he had obtained to the Baronet, the particulars of which we give, convinced that it will be interesting to our readers.

Andrew Gemmil, or Edie Ochiltree, as he appears in the pages of the *Antiquary*, was a native of Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire, where many of his descendants

yet reside. He was well known throughout the whole of Galloway, and there was not a farm-house in the whole shire but had received a visit from the sturdy beggar. He was twenty years a soldier, twenty a garrison fogie, and twenty a beggar. One of the most intimate friends of Train's early days was Andrew Gemmil, a grandson of Andrew the soldier. This man was a farm-servant till the year 1799, when he was balloted to serve in the Ayrshire militia, where he acted as servant to Dr. Colquhoun till 1801, when the regiment was disbanded. He was then taken by the Doctor to pound drugs in Greenock, where, having to examine the sailors enlisted into the navy, he became acquainted with Captain Tattam, who then commanded the Press-ship stationed on the Clyde.

The Swinger gun-brig being ordered to the West Indian station, and not having a surgeon's mate, Captain Tattam got Gemmil appointed to that situation. On the death of the surgeon, which happened a few weeks after sailing, his mate was appointed to succeed him. He came home, took his degree, and returned to the station, when he was appointed chief surgeon of the fleet. He afterwards sailed with Sir Edmund Pelew to the Mediterranean. In a letter addressed to Train, dated his Majesty's ship Calc-

donia, off Minorca, 18th December 1812, he says,—"Upwards of twenty noblemen, or noblemen's sons, sit at the Admiral's table, whenever the weather will permit them to come from the other ships of the fleet. In almost every dispute that arises amongst them I am referred to, and my decision generally gives satisfaction." Thus, without any regular education, rose the grandson of Andrew Gemmil to the head of the medical department, and to be the intimate friend of Lord Exmouth for nearly fifteen years. Train corresponded regularly with him until his death, which happened in London in 1829.

Another worthy Train mentions, namely, Willie Marshall, the King of the Randies, who encouraged the insubordination of the peasantry of Galloway in their last ebullition of discontent. This happened in 1724, and their attack was principally directed against the king's fences. In this they were led by Marshall, who, despising all rule and authority, was a proper person to direct the movements of the rebellious peasantry. The summer fair of Keltonhill was at that time the most general rendezvous in the south-west of Scotland for the transaction of business. Among others, delegates from all the parishes in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright met, for the purpose of concerting measures for the levelling of all the "ring

fences" in the country. Over these presided the King of the Randies. Before the period mentioned he had been frequently sent to the army, and had served several campaigns in Flanders, but he always deserted in time to reach Keltonhill Fair, which it is said he attended regularly for above a hundred years, without being once absent.

The levellers found in him an active leader, and under his directions they conducted their operations with such secrecy, that every stone which was laid above another for the formation of a ring fence during the day, between Thigger Law and Shambelly, was thrown down in the night, without a single person concerned therein being discovered either by the landholders or their agents. The levellers became at length more daring. They practised the use of fire-arms on the hills by the light of the moon, formed themselves into companies, and openly resisted every attempt on the part of the proprietors to enclose their land. Many witty sayings are related of Marshall. He was, like the rest of his fraternity, greatly addicted to whisky, which some individual in his hearing denounced as slow poison. "It maun be d—d slow, for I ha'e drunk it for a hunner years, and I'm livin' yet."

It was found necessary to march a regiment of

dragoons from Edinburgh, to restore tranquillity to the country. Marshall himself was taken prisoner, but escaped by the assistance of his intimate friend Edie Ochiltree, or Andrew Gemmil, then a private soldier in the regiment of Black Horse.

These, with many such stories, were sent to Sir Walter by his friend in Castle-Douglas. But the correspondence which had, for the period of eighteen years, been so profitable to Sir Walter, and so flattering to Joseph Train, was drawing to a close. The health of the Baronet, which had been delicate for some years, was now becoming gradually more impaired, so that change of climate was advised.

A ship of war was commissioned by his Royal Master to convey the Author of Waverley to another land; yet even in the hurry and bustle of his departure, he remembered the humble antiquary, and took up his pen to call Joseph Train *his friend.*

Hopes were entertained that change of climate would restore the illustrious invalid to his wonted vigour; but, alas! ere another year had passed, Walter Scott slept in Dryburgh's ruined pile, free from the clouds which had hovered over his later years.

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF TRAIN—AN ANECDOTE—HIS ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE HORSE—HIS RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE—THE CARLINWARK LOCH—ITS TRADITIONS—PUBLISHES HIS LONG CONTEMPLATED HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

After Sir Walter Scott's death, the stimulus which incited Joseph Train to action was not so strong. True, he did continue his favourite researches, but they were not characterized by that lively enthusiastic interest that had distinguished him during his correspondence with his illustrious patron. The incentive to this kind of labour was not so strong, seeing that he was gone who had valued so highly his gleanings; and the thought that but few appreciated or understood his labours, was constantly before him.

But notwithstanding all these discouragements, the genial and urbane demeanour of the antiquary was as marked as ever. He discharged his duties with the same precision, was as frequent in his journeys to the

remoter corners of his district as he had been in former years. His intercourse with the inhabitants was not like the casual acquaintanceship of every-day life: it had something in it which had the semblance of friendship. His position—a difficult one—was free from the odium which generally attended such an office; and if an offender against the laws which he was appointed to protect was by him brought to justice, the culprit blamed himself, not the Supervisor.

Mr. Bennet, whom we have previously alluded to in this memoir, relates an anecdote illustrative of what we have been speaking of, which came under his notice during his residence in that district. "The gudewife of a farm in a moorland district, on having her *mart* killed, had candles made of the tallow, as once had been the universal custom, before the Excise laws prohibited such a proceeding. One of the officers having got scent of the transaction, intimated it to his superior, Train, who was bound to take cognizance of it. Accordingly he and the officer in due time appeared, and informed the good woman of the charge they had against her. She, an honest and unsophisticated person, at once owned that it was true, but declared she did not know it was a fault, having never before heard of a law to the contrary, which in so remote a district was doubtless the truth. Train, at once

satisfied of her veracity, showed evident regret at her dilemma, and put many questions to enable her to suggest any excuse; he was also in no hurry to search, so that had she chosen she might well have secreted most of her challenged store. But she, like a true heroine, stood on her first ground, declaring that she would not burden her conscience to escape; if what she had done was a fault, faulty she was unintentionally, and therefore let the consequences ensue, be what they might. In carrying out those consequences, Train showed such evident regret and sympathy for the poor woman, as wholly conciliated her towards him, and made her speak of him with respect and kindness ever after."

In one of his frequent rides through the moors he composed the following poem, which is entitled, "The Traveller's Address to his favourite Horse"—the faithful animal who bore the Supervisor for many a year, through storm and darkness, and to whose sagacity he more than once owed his life:—

"Our road is long, and the hills are steep,
The burns are large, and the fords are deep;
Belate me not my goodly steed,
And the best mow corn shall be thy meed;—
The lash of a whip thou shalt not feel,
Nor the pointed rowel that decks my heel;
For whether in summer, or when the lift
Is darkened by the swirling drift,

Ready and willing thou art apace,
To carry me on to my resting-place.
The courser neighs as the huntsman's horn
Awakens the echo of the morn ;
But the huntsman's horn is not for thee,
And the charms of the chace are not for me.
I spur not to make thee snort and prance,
Like olden knight with his tilting lance,
On palfrey mounted with high intent,
In single fight and at tournament,
His able skill in arms to prove,
And valour deserving his lady's love.
I spur not like the yeomen of yore,
To meet the Nordland on the shore ;
Nor gallop I on to drive amain,
The Hot-trod over the Nith again,
As did the wild Scot each lawless band,
That came to pillage his fatherland.
I've reined thee beside the obelisk stone
Which stands away in the moors alone,
Where I have sat, and with eager eye
Gazed on the remains of years gone bye ;
For though my glass is nearly run,
I love o'er the doings of old to con,
When the minstrel sung to vassal and lord,
Feats done in the land of the fire and sword.
My trusty gerran, away, away,
Come, let us get on while yet we may !
I wot we cannot have far to wend,
Till we arrive at our journey's end,
Where in mortality's common lot,
Soon Nick and his rider will be forgot."

Train having served the stated time, was placed on the retired revenue list. He lived in a cottage called Lochvale, situated near the Carlinwark Loch, where

the evening of his days were spent happily, surrounded by the objects of his early love. He now had more leisure to engage in literary pursuits and correspond with an extensive circle of friends; and, if any dispute connected with antiquarian matters happened to occur, Train was generally the umpire. About this time he rendered some valuable assistance to Miss Agnes Strickland, in collecting materials for her life of Mary Queen of Scots. The following is one of the many letters from that amiable and talented lady to the Supervisor :—

"Dear Mr. Train,—When I despatched the copy of my 'Historical Scenes,' I was too busy to add a line or two by the same post, begging you to gratify me by accepting it, as a very trifling acknowledgment of your great kindness in endowing me with such precious additions to my historical library as your interesting and erudite History of the Isle of Man and Noel's Life of Mary Stuart. I am delighted at your frankly excusing my unceremonious way of sending the volume, and more gratified than I can tell you at your approval of my writings. If I had come into the Dumfries and Galloway districts this autumn, as at one time I purposed, I should have paid my respects to you, whom I esteem as a

most valuable ally in the quest of that unpopular thing historical truth, and its pleasing adjuncts, statistical and antiquarian information.

"I mean to give the mediæval Queens of Scotland in another series; but my desire to accomplish the great object of my life, a complete personal history of Mary Stuart, has induced me to begin with the modern series, as you see.

"Can you give me any unedited, unprinted facts for Mary of Lorraine, whose life, with that of Margaret Countess of Lennox, will precede that of Mary Stuart?

"I want a pretty portrait of the said Mary, the consort of James V., from an authentic source.

"Pray offer my compliments to Mrs. Train, and believe me to be, dear sir, very sincerely yours.

"AGNES STRICKLAND.

"REYDON HALL, WANGFORD, SUFFOLK."

He directed Miss Strickland's attention to the many valuable manuscripts which were kept at Enzle, and which had been deposited at Douay until the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789.

These documents had at that time been privately packed in boxes, and secured in a dry well, until the storm had blown past. They were then sent to the

Roman Catholic Bishop at Edinburgh, who forwarded them to the place whence they had been originally taken.

Miss Strickland visited Galloway in her search for information concerning the flight of Queen Mary through Eastern Galloway. She was a guest of the Countess of Selkirk, and procured from Train a sketch of a guitar, said to have been used by the unfortunate Queen, and which had been left by her at Kenmure Castle.

Train was in hopes that the instrument could have been procured, but all his efforts were unavailing. However, by the kindness of Dr. Trotter of Auchencairn, who had seen the guitar when a boy, he was enabled to furnish Miss Strickland with the sketch alluded to.

We have said that his cottage was situated near the Carlinwark Loch, a locality not without its ancient legends, as being the principal haunt of all the goblins in the district.

Tradition supposes that there was formerly in the loch a town, that was on some occasion submerged, but not to such a depth as to prevent the tops of the highest buildings from being occasionally seen in the water down to a late period.

There were also two chapels, whose vestiges have

likewise disappeared by the power of witchcraft, which gave to the water where these buildings stood the name of Carlinswark or Carlinwark. In the year 1765, when ten feet of water was let from the surface of this loch by a canal to the river Dee, a dam-dike, composed of oak piles and clay, was discovered at the north end, near the town of Castle-Douglas.

Before this loch was reduced by draining, it contained several artificial islets, the resort of waterfowl. The isle at the south end of it, called the Fir Island, appears to have been surrounded by a stone rampart. On this isle the remains of an iron forge are yet to be seen, which induces Mr. Chalmers to think that a barrack for English cavalry had been there during the wars of the Succession, which belief is strengthened by many horse-shoes being found near that place deeply sunk in mud, and of quite a different shape from those that are now used.

In several parts of this remarkable lake there have been found the canoes of the ancient people, similar to those which have been discovered in Lochar-moss and Loch Doon, consisting of one log or trunk hollowed by fire.

Although Galloway is studded with Druidical remains, there are now none to be seen in the imme-

diate neighbourhood of the Carlinwark Loch, and the "Three Thorns," celebrated in many a goblin tale, have likewise disappeared, but the tradition connected with them has fortunately been preserved. On a height, near the spot on which the town of Castle-Douglas has since been built, stood the "Three Thorns of Carlinwark."

Formerly, for a number of nights in regular succession, three spectres of that fierce and malignant species, that took up their abode in human bodies after death, were observed to proceed from Kelton kirkyard to the "Three Thorns," and around them perform their hellish orgies, an account of which we are unable to give.

There was a loan somewhere on the road along which the fiends passed on their nightly pilgrimage. One night a fellow of more intrepidity or less prudence than his comrades, observed the *trio* making their usual procession, but with far more than usual speed. One of the spirits was more ugly than the other two, and apparently lame. He was rather behind his companions, but came hobbling after them with all his might, so that the fellow could not help bawling out, with a burst of laughter, "*Weel dune, Cripple Stiltie.*" The goblin instantly sprang over the dike, making at the man with "furious ettle," but he ran

and placed himself beside an "owsen that had been yoked," which secured him from the wrath of the goblin.

This is one of the many traditions connected with the Carlinwark Loch, near to which Lochvale is situated.

There was a blank in Train's existence when Scotland lost her greatest son—all the many acts of kindness which he had delicately done to the Supervisor came before him in vivid colours, and while life remained he spoke of his illustrious friend with a mournful pride.

Yet even in the retirement of his home, sad recollections would shoot a thrill through his heart, and cast a shade over his brow, when he looked back to the time when Scott was alive, the potent magician of Scotland—when the kindly smile of the minstrel cheered on the antiquary to pursue his unpopular study.

After his retirement he sedulously prosecuted his researches concerning the Manx, and the result was, that his History of the Isle of Man appeared shortly after. It was published in four parts by a publisher in the island, and was concluded in 1845.

With the hope that some account of this island may not be uninteresting to our readers, we append a summary of the work.

On this account, this being by far the most important and laborious of Train's literary compositions, and also because it displays so remarkably his habits of research and persevering industry, it is felt to be but justice to his memory to insert here this attempt briefly to summarize it; the more particularly, as the subject itself is so interesting, that it cannot fail to be valued on this latter ground alone. The work is in two volumes. It was printed and published by a Manx publisher, and is highly creditable to the typographic skill and bibliopolic enterprise of the island.

In the now generally fused state of our very composite empire, we of the present day stand as on a great plain, stretching, from where its separate originating heights sink down into it, far and wide, both around and before; and to be carried back among those heights, where the primitive streams and breezes gush and circulate, and where yet appear and disappear the clouds and mists with which our sires enshrouded the heroes, the ghosts, and the spectres of their local legends,—to be carried back amid all these again, under the guidance of an historian like Train, is both an exhilarating and instructive treat; and he has well chosen his subject to this end, for the little island, of which this work will now remain the standard history, was the theatre of contest for

ages, among English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings and chiefs, whereby the train of public occurrences that befell in it, is so mixed up with those correlatively occurring in the various surrounding countries, that, in the hands of so well-informed and observant an author as Train, the relation of those occurrences often, if not always, sheds much important elucidative light on the contemporary history of the greater countries in question. This gives the history a scope, a value, and an interest, far exceeding the range of a mere insular and local work; and it was because of this its widely-ranging interest, and of the abilities of him to do it justice who has now handled it, that the Author of Waverley suggested to him the undertaking, on the occasion, and in the manner, narrated in Train's Introduction, as follows :—

"In a pursuit so publicly abandoned by the indefatigable Lord Hailes, Toland, the learned antiquary, Macculloch, and other eminent writers, further inquiry seemed hopeless. But Sir Walter Scott entertained a different opinion. In 1810, he called the attention of his brother Thomas, Receiver-General of the Insular Customs, towards writing a history of the Isle of Man; but fortuitous circumstances occurred, which prevented the execution of

that design. At a subsequent period, Sir Walter strongly directed my views to the same subject, with the most friendly assurance that he would render me any assistance which I might require in prosecuting the undertaking. He at the same time made me a present of an old work* on the subject, and placed his valuable library at my service, in following out the inquiry necessary to the accomplishment of the work.

"I assented; but my professional duty as Supervisor over an extensive district, occupied my time so exclusively, that, ere I had it in my power to avail myself of the assistance of my illustrious friend, he was no more. On the occurrence of that mournful event, my gleanings were in a great measure laid aside; nor was it until I had, at my own solicitation, been placed on what is called the 'Retired Revenue List,' that, in order to while away my leisure hours, I assumed the task of arranging the materials which I had previously collected."

These materials are more ample than could have been imagined; for, large as the book is, it is yet crammed with facts, all traced to their sources with great research and accuracy, classified, arranged, and illustrated with a clearness, patience and industry, which show that the old, deep-searching, faithful, historic spirit, had yet an abode in the breast of Train.

* Waldron's "History of the Isle of Man."

Manx history first dawns under the dynasty of Welsh kings, in Anno Domini 517; the Welsh lost its sovereignty, dispossessed by the Northern Vikinge, in 919; these latter were succeeded by the Kings of Norway, in 1066, and who continued down to 1265, when the Kings of Scotland and of England alternately invaded and ruled over the little territory, until 1405, when the noble English house of Stanley were made its local sovereigns by the English monarch Henry IV., and continued in possession down to 1736, when the noble Scottish house of Athol succeeded to it by intermarital descent, and remained sovereigns of Man until the year 1829, when the sovereignty was purchased by the British Parliament, and permanently vested in the British Crown. The lordships, forts, harbours, franchises, liberties, &c., of the island, had previously been purchased, in 1765, for the purpose of abating, by the extension of general British legislation over it, the smuggling, evasion of creditors elsewhere, and other great evils, for which the island had by this time become notorious. £70,000, and an annuity of £2000 per annum, were paid for this purchase, the terms of which were—the surrender, by the Duke of Atholl, "of the island, castle, and peel of Man, with all the lordships thereto belonging, together with the royal-

ties, regalities, franchises, liberties, and seaports appertaining to the same, and all other hereditaments and premises therein particularly described and mentioned, as holden under the several grants thereof, or any other title whatsoever—reserving only their lands, inland waters, fisheries, mines, mills, minerals, and quarries, according to their present right therein, felon goods, deodands, waifs, estrays, and wrecks at sea, together with the patronage of the bishopric, and of the other ecclesiastical benefices in the island, to which they were entitled."—Vol. i. p. 242.

The property, and other sovereign rights thus reserved, proved afterwards a source of great annoyance both to the Duke and the British Government; for, "when the sovereignty of the island became vested, by Act of Parliament, in the British king, the inhabitants were so much alarmed at the change of affairs, which they considered must necessarily ensue, that the ruin of all classes was prognosticated. Insular property sunk to a very low state of depreciation, and many, who had the means of removal, left the island. Nor was the appearance of Lord John Murray's *Freicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch, as the 42d regiment was then called, who were sent by the British Government to maintain the peace, much calculated to allay the discontent of the people, who

found their houses and magazines, which had been let for the purposes of smuggling, left empty on their hands, and themselves subjected to other inconveniences, necessarily resulting from a resolution so sudden."—Vol. i. p. 244.

Obstruction, evasion, depreciation, and other injuries to the Duke's reserved rights, followed; in consequence of which, he eventually lost all partiality towards the island, and the islanders all respect and fealty towards him; and in this condition, amid much negotiation with the British Government, and investigation and discussion on both sides, matters lingered on until 1829, when, in virtue of an Act passed by Parliament in 1824, "empowering the Lords of the Treasury to purchase all the manorial rights of the Duke of Athol in the Isle of Man," those rights were accordingly purchased for the sum of £416,114, and the island thenceforward became an integral part of the British community aud empire. "The last honorary service of presenting two falcons to the king, was rendered on the 19th July 1821, by the Duke of Athol in person, at the coronation of George IV. His Grace was an active, liberal, and enlightened nobleman: he possessed considerable interest at Court, which he uniformly employed in advancing the real interests of the island. After a

long reign of fifty-six years, he died at Dunkeld, on 29th September 1830, in the seventy-sixth year of his age."—Vol. i. p. 255.

"When Sir John Stanley received a grant of the island from Henry IV., the whole revenue did not exceed £400 per annum. In the time of the last Earl of Derby, who was Lord of Man, the customs were farmed to an English merchant at £1000 per annum. The Duke of Athol, however, annually received a surplus revenue of nearly £6000, as appears in the schedule to the Act 5th Geo. III., cap. 26."—Vol. i. p. 244.

In 1792, a Commission was appointed by Parliament to visit the island, and report on the state of its commerce and finances, and these, after a full investigation, and ascertainment of the contraband practices that then extensively prevailed there, "stated the loss to the king's revenue by illicit trade, to amount to about £350,000 per annum, and the value of seizures made on the coast of Ireland from the island, to be about £10,000 annually."—Vol. i. p. 248.

"Since the British Government acquired the power of enacting laws for the government of the Isle of Man, those enacted laws have hitherto been confined to the customs, or port-dues, and the regulation and

prohibition of the manufacture of articles which might affect the revenue. . . . .

"The Manx, ere long aware of the absurdity of the fears which they had entertained at the revestment of the island, at length became loyal subjects of Great Britain. In 1796, an Act of Tynwald was passed, whereby persons circulating seditious books, or speaking seditiously, are subjected to a penalty of £100, and one year's imprisonment. During the late French war, the island furnished two battalions of fencibles, which served with credit in Ireland during the rebellion in 1798, besides a corps of volunteers, and a squadron of yeomanry. At the close of the eighteenth century, too, when subscriptions were set on foot in every part of the empire to assist in carrying on the war against France, the House of Keys [the local Legislature, whose acts are called Acts of Tynwald] manifested their attachment to the British Government by subscribing £175, which was sent to the Treasury with the following neat observation :—

"'House of Keys, *March* 13, 1798.

"'My Lord,—The Keys of the Isle of Man, the constitutional representatives of the people, warmly attached to them and to the Constitution of Great Britain, offer this, their mite, in aid of their cause ;

and they feelingly regret that, in tendering so small a sum, there is so great a disproportion between their wishes and their abilities—having no public funds at their disposal.'"—Vol. i. pp. 250, 251.

The machinery of the Manx government now consists of a governor and captain-general, who represents the British sovereign; the House of Keys, or local legislature already mentioned, consisting of twenty-four members, elected for life; and two Supreme Judicial Courts, for the two main divisions of the island, each presided over by a judge, called a Deemster, and under which are the usual petty district courts, with their various officers, as well as coroners, constabulary, &c.

The island is a bishopric, which is styled of Sodor and Man, about the origin of which title there has been much dispute; but Train seems to have given a satisfactory solution of it in the Appendix to his 12th chapter, vol. i. p. 385, and to it we refer the reader, the passage being too long for extract. The constitution of the Church is similar to that of England, though, from the smallness of its extent and means, admitting of much fewer gradations among its clergy. "The Established Church of the island has for a long time past been well supported by qualified ministers, yet, notwithstanding

this, an extraordinary number of Dissenters are to be found in the island. Soon after the Reformation the followers of William Penn gained some footing in Man; but they were ultimately banished, and their property was confiscated. Not deterred by the failure of the Quakers, John Wesley sent one of his preachers to the island in 1775, to teach the inhabitants the doctrine of 'salvation by faith;' and in 1777, with the same object in view, he visited the island himself. From that time the Methodists have increased to such a surprising degree that they can now number forty-five insular chapels."—Vol. i. p. 368.

"At the accession of Bishop Ward to the see of Sodor and Man (in 1827), the want of church accommodation was much felt, and is generally supposed to have been the principal cause of the great increase of Dissenters. To counteract this growing evil, the bishop, by his personal exertions in appealing to the benevolence, piety, and charity of his friends in England, succeeded in raising between £8000 and £9000, and in the island nearly £4000. By means of this sum eight new churches have been erected, some have been enlarged, and others, which were in a state of dilapidation, have been substantially repaired."—(Vol. i. p. 369.) The tithes have recently been com-

muted, and from these and other sources a moderate yet respectable living secured to the clergy, so that the Church now, so far as these matters go, is in a greatly improved and more efficient state. Education, also, is much better attended to and provided for than formerly; and a college has recently been erected in the island, at Castletown, named King William's College, which is a very noble structure, and promises to be productive of extensive benefits. This college was begun in 1830, and opened for students in 1833. "On the morning of the 14th January 1844 these extensive premises unfortunately became the prey of a destructive conflagration, which broke out in the western wing of the building, and spread with uncontrollable fury, till the interior of the building was destroyed, with the exception of a few apartments in the western wing, occupied by the Vice-Principal of the college. The very valuable library, containing many rare works, part of which was a curious collection of Bibles, from the time of Coverdale, in upwards of fifty different languages, with several manuscripts relating to Manx ecclesiastical affairs, and also much private property, were all completely destroyed. On the 15th January, at a meeting of the trustees, held at Castletown, it was resolved that instant measures be pursued towards

the restoration of the college, which was acted on with so much spirit, that, on the 4th June, the rebuilding was so far advanced as to allow of the annual examination of the students being held there, and, on the 1st of August, was again opened for the reception of pupils. The building was insured for £2000; but the damage done to it by this calamitous fire was estimated at double that sum. The difference was soon, however, made up by subscriptions."—Vol. ii. pp. 254, 255.

The chief towns of the island are four,—Castletown, the seat of government; Peel, the seat of a valuable herring fishery; Ramsay, possessing a fine bay and harbour, protected from the western gales, and from which the most part of the agricultural exports of the island are shipped; and Douglas, which, in point of situation, extent, and general importance, is really the principal town. "From its advantageous situation for inland commerce, and its spacious bay affording every facility for intercourse by sea, one might suppose the town of Douglas to be the most ancient in the island, but such a conjecture, so far as I have been able to find, would not be supported by history,"—difficulty of access and defensibility of position having been more regarded in the founding of towns in old warlike periods than

the open-breasted, and consequently defenceless, accessibility necessary to peaceful commerce. "At the commencement of the eighteenth century Douglas was only a fishing village, composed of a group of clay-built cottages; but as the contraband trade increased it tended to enrich the inhabitants. Adventurers who had accumulated wealth by means of this traffic, generally pulled down their paternal habitations and built others on the former sites, every one according to his own fancy, and more suitable to the wealth he had acquired. The number of inhabitants increased so rapidly, that, in the year 1757, it amounted to 1814, and, going on progressively, it had reached, in 1831, to 6786, and in 1841, by the government census, the population of Douglas was 8647. The house property of Douglas has been valued at £356,788."—(Vol. ii. p. 362.) It is to this town, which stands picturesquely in the centre of the island, on the shore looking towards England, that the great influx of summer tourists and sea-bathers resort; and as the accommodation is excellent, the society good, and the scenery beautiful, there are few places that afford more attractions during a brief sojourn. The numbers thus attracted are consequently great, and of late years not a few strangers have purchased property and built residences in the island, from

which, and from other concurrent causes, a thorough revolution has taken place there in habits, manners, intelligence, and every kind of industry,—agriculture being now scientifically pursued, commerce developed and very active, roads repaired, bridges built, lands enclosed and planted, and everything else either done or doing which indicates the social, moral, physical, and pecuniary improvement of a community. Amongst these the state of the arts and of literature must not be passed over unnoticed. The excellent typography, and clear and well-executed illustrative cuts, which adorn this work, are sufficient proofs of the respectable attainments of the Manx in these departments." There are many facts mentioned in the course of Train's history to show that the progress has been remarkable. He says :—

" It is only by adverting to the accounts of former writers that we can show the progress recently made in the island. When Wood, the tourist, visited it in 1808, he says there was only one person who sold books, and he was by trade a bookbinder. He adds, that he tried in vain to get a sheet of blotting-paper. The case is very different now, at least in regard to Douglas, there being five booksellers and stationers there, with eight printing-offices, from four of which issues a weekly newspaper. There are, besides, three

monthly periodicals. The insular press is wholly confined to Douglas; and as newspapers printed in the Isle of Man are unshackled by either a duty on paper or advertisements, and privileged to pass postage free without a duty-stamp through the post-offices of the United Kingdom and most of the British colonies, a great stimulus has been given to periodical printing in Douglas; and newspapers established there for the purpose of being circulated in the United Kingdom have obtained a high circulation. There are two extensive circulating libraries in Douglas, and one called the Isle of Man Subscription Library. A Mechanics' Library has also been in existence for some years; it is liberally supported, and the working part of the community have derived great benefit from it."—Vol. ii. p. 368.

Such are the substantial benefits derived by this little community from a close union and identification with this great country, whereby all the springs of prosperity, both domestic and foreign, set flowing in the one, immediately rush, with invigorating freshness, through the other. Quite analogous also are the advantages, now thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, derived by Scotland from the same cause, although Scotland rebelled and rioted, and raved and ranted, against the Union far more than the Manx

were so mad as to do. And equally analogous and substantial are the benefits now derived from the same source by the sister kingdom of Ireland; its people, in like manner, at length opening their eyes to the beneficent tendency of this course of things, and merging old, barbarous, isolated prejudices in the rational glory of componently forming and increasing one great general homogeneous empire, consolidated and prosperous, from all its people industriously developing their local resources, to swell the common sum of prosperity and happiness, and laughing to scorn the unprincipled declaimer, who strove to set their passions and imagination in opposition to their reason, by assuring them it was more rational, patriotic, and fraught with prosperity and glory, to endeavour to go back from all this to the times of local isolation, jealousy, and contest, when no man's life or property was a moment safe, and public governments were rude and sanguinary, and the people under them poor, ignorant, oppressed, and miserable!

As illustrative of the state to which society would again be brought were such madness yet to have its way, and also as presenting a very vivid picture of a traffic which once filled the three kingdoms with disturbance, and has afforded many themes for the

politician, historian, poet, and novelist, we give an abridged account of the celebrated smuggling trade, of which the Isle of Man was so long the focus, and of which many old people yet alive, retain a clear recollection :—

" Down to near the close of the 17th century, the Manx remained vassals in a manner attached to the soil, employing themselves in fishing during the short season the herrings were on the coast, and for the remainder of the year devoting themselves to complete idleness; whilst the women performed the task of cultivating just as much land as, on the closest calculation, would supply the wants of the family, and pay the lord's rent. They dwelt in mud huts, without doors and windows, and which merely served the single purpose of defending them from the inclemencies of the weather.

" About the year 1670, however, a company of adventurers from Liverpool settled at Douglas, for the avowed purpose of carrying on a contraband trade with the surrounding shores; and to this date may be traced the commencement of a new era in their history.

" The goods thus landed were, from the convenient position of the Isle, exported by the barks, boats, and wherries, of the island, into Scotland,

England, Wales, and Ireland, to the detriment of the revenue and prejudice of the fair trader.

"The profits attending this iniquitous trade, soon induced many of the most wealthy of the Manx people to engage in it likewise. The great body of the people, who had no capital to embark in speculations, became carriers; for which hazardous employment they were suitably qualified, being inured to hardships, and trained to a seafaring life. The island became the great storehouse for the French and Dutch to deposit vast quantities of Indian goods, which were carried off by the islanders in wherries built for that purpose. The loss to Great Britain, and the gains to the French, were inexpressibly great.

"In the surrounding countries, the spirit of industry was likewise checked by a passion for smuggling, which was nourished by their vicinity to the Isle of Man."

Stringent measures were adopted, and laws enacted, by the British Government, to repress and remove this evil; but, while the sovereignty of the island remained detached from the British Crown, nothing could be effectually done; and hence the first attempt at purchase of the sovereignty, already related, but which had not the good effects anticipated from it.

"The protection afforded by the Manx to smuggling, is thus described by Waldron, who was then residing on the island in the capacity of a commissioner from the British Government:—'His Majesty of Great Britain is master of the seas; yet the Isle of Man has jurisdiction of so much round the island, that a master of a ship has no more to do than watch his opportunity of coming within the piles, where he is secure from any danger from the King's officers. I myself had once notice of a stately vessel that was steering her course into this harbour, and would have boarded her before she had got within the piles, but for want of sufficient help to execute my design. Her cargo was indigo, mastic, raisins of the sun, and other rich goods, which I had the mortification to see sold to traders in Douglas, without any duty paid to his Majesty.'

"In gloomy or tempestuous weather, when the revenue cruisers had sought for shelter under cover of the land, the adventurous smuggler generally set sail with his contraband cargo, alike regardless of the dangers of the sea and the power of the law. Among the many daring individuals engaged in that hazardous trade, no name is so well remembered as that of François Thurôt, who, about the year 1742, when only fifteen years of age, left Dunkirk with an Irish

smuggler, who was a relation of his own, named Farrel, and took up his residence in the Isle of Man, where he entered into the service of a Welsh smuggler, in whose employment as a sailor he remained sometime, running goods betwixt the Isle of Man and Anglesey. It was here Thuròt acquired a knowledge of the English language, and imbibed that spirit of daring and adventure, as well as that skill in the seafaring life, and in the contraband trade, which subsequently distinguished his character. In 1752, he went to reside at Boulogne, and still continuing in the same line, his daring and experience soon raised him to eminence as a successful smuggler. His vessels ran immense quantities of goods between the French, Manx, and English coasts. On the breaking out of the war with England in 1755, he joined the privateers of Dunkirk, and, by his brilliant exploits, speedily rendered his name terrible to the merchants of Britain. Being now well known for his bravery and experience in naval affairs, he was, in 1757, appointed to the command of a frigate by the French Government, and soon afterwards to the command of a small squadron. As is well known, he fell in action off the coast of Man, in the year 1760."

A rapid series of enactments about this time passed the British Parliament, to suppress, if possible,

this most audacious and detrimental traffic; and these, applied with vigour, had the effect of extinguishing it for a time.

"Some merchants of capital, who remained on the island, turned their attention to the cultivation of waste lands, and, consequently, greater quantities of wheat and flax were raised than formerly. Manufactures improved, and the drunken and dissolute life which naturally attends smuggling seemed to give place to more industrious habits; but it proved only a temporary suspension of the wayward propensities of these islanders. A military force was maintained in the island, and a large establishment of armed cutters and cruisers were stationed in the Channel, for the protection of the revenue; but, in the same ratio that this force was diminished, the contraband trade increased, nor was its progress impeded even by what was called 'Pitt's Burning and Staving Act,' passed in 1792.

"The illicit traffic between the Isle of Man and the opposite shores of Scotland was now carried on to a greater extent than at any former period. Many persons of capital engaged in the precarious enterprise. Companies of these adventurers, chiefly Manxmen, were stationed at Balcary, Clone, Furniness, and other convenient places on the shores of

Galloway. Some of the smuggling captains were daring, resolute fellows, of great nautical acquirements. The exploits of Yawkins, a Dutchman, who commanded a smuggling lugger, called the 'Black Prince,' are yet related by both the Manx and Gallovidian peasantry, and the poetasters of the day employed their pens in his praise.

"On one occasion, as Yawkins was landing his cargo at the Manxman's Lake, near Kirkcudbright, two revenue cutters, the 'Pigmy' and the 'Dwarf,' hove in sight, on different tacks, the one bearing round from the Isles of Fleet, and the other between the point of Raeberry and the Muckle Ross. The dauntless free-trader instantly weighed anchor, and bore down between the cutters, so close that he tossed his hat on one deck and his wig on the other, hoisted a cask on his maintop to show his occupation, and bore away under an extraordinary pressure of canvas, without receiving injury. On another occasion, when Yawkins cast anchor at the Manxman's Lake, an inexperienced tide-waiter, supposing the 'Black Prince' to be a timber ship then expected to arrive, went on board alone, but he saw his mistake when too late, for he was not permitted to land till the vessel arrived at Amsterdam, where he was set at liberty, to find his way back to his station at Auchencairn in the way most convenient to himself.

"A large establishment of revenue cruisers in the English Channel, and along the southern shores of Scotland, was required for the protection of the revenue. Many skirmishes took place between the King's men and the contraband traders; but the briskest fight now remembered was that of Sir James Bristo, near the Isle of Whithorn, when striving to capture a smuggling lugger, that sank, with all hands on board, fighting till she was swallowed by the waves. Captain Cook, also, was long the terror of every smuggler who dared to navigate the Irish Channel. These commanders ably acquitted themselves in the active discharge of their duties, and some of them amassed considerable riches; but none of their names is associated with such a tragical story as that of Sir John Reid, then commanding in the Solway Firth.

"The practice of depositing cargoes of vessels engaged in the smuggling trade of the Isle of Man, to elude the laws made for the protection of British commerce, rendered it necessary that secret places should be constructed, for securing the goods from the grasp of the revenue-officers. Waldron, whose name I have had occasion frequently to mention in the course of this work, resided on the island fifty years after the commencement of the smuggling trade there. In his time many of the ample cellars which

he describes were used for concealing contraband goods. 'The former inhabitants of the island,' he remarks, 'seem to have taken great delight in subterraneous dwellings; for there is not an old building in the island which has not, at least, an equal number of rooms below ground as above it.'

"The Manx smugglers who took up their residence on the coast of Galloway constructed places of a similar description below their houses. The cellars at Balcary remain as a specimen of the ingenuity displayed in the construction of those subterranean apartments. Immense quantities of smuggled goods, however, were occasionally concealed in caves, and among rocks on the shore, so as often to allude the most diligent search of the revenue-officers, unless pointed out by very direct information.

"The carriers from the coast to the interior were called *lingtowmen*, from the coil of ropes, or *lingtows*, which they generally wore like a soldier's shoulder-belt, when not employed in slinging or carrying their goods. The fixed price for carrying a box of tea, or a bale of tobacco, from the coast of Galloway to Edinburgh, was fifteen shillings; and a man with two horses could carry four packages. Two hundred horses have been frequently laden in a night at Balcary, and at the Abbey-burn-foot of Dundrennan.

"Annan Water-foot was another noted landing-place. Many a large cargo of contraband articles was discharged there during the time our celebrated poet Burns was excise-officer at Dumfries."

But Government at length took more wise and comprehensive measures for extirpating this annoying traffic, by a system of legislation in reference to the island, which threw it and this country more open to each other; and thus did the renowned smuggling trade of the Isle of Man dwindle by degrees, until now it is only a thing of past history. "The harbours of the Isle of Man," says Train, "will henceforth be harbours of refuge, open to every tempest-tossed vessel, free of entrance-tolls, which may be hailed as matter for general congratulation, not only by the Manx people but by the shipping proprietors of the United Kingdom."

We could gladly have now entered upon the remarkable antiquities of the island, military, ecclesiastical, civil, social, and traditionary,—departments in which Train especially shines; but these, and many other valuable parts besides, our limits constrain us to pass over, in consequence of which we conclude with the following very interesting account of the death and funeral of Thurôt, the celebrated French piratical adventurer already mentioned, and concerning whom

Train's industry has brought many new particulars for the first time to light :—

" 'Thurôt, the French pirate adventurer, whose name had become the terror of Great Britain by his enterprising achievements in the north seas, was raised by the Court of Versailles to the rank of a commodore. In October 1759 he left the harbour of Dunkirk with a squadron of five ships and seventeen hundred men, to make occasional descents on the Irish coast, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the government, and, by dividing the troops, facilitate the proposed invasion of that kingdom.'

" He lost two of his vessels at sea, and a number of his men at Carrickfergus, where he came off victorious. The success, however, which he had experienced on shore, was not destined to be of long continuance.

" 'Captain Elliot, who commanded three frigates at Kinsale, hearing of Thurôt's exploit in the north, set sail in quest of him, and, on rounding the Mull of Galloway, on the 28th February, descried his fleet at anchor near the offing at the entrance of the Bay of Luce. He attempted to embay them, which Thurôt observing, weighed anchor with all despatch, and stood out to sea in the direction of the Isle of Man. Elliot gave chase, and a warm action

ensued, which was maintained with great spirit on both sides, for an hour and a half. The French commander at length struck his colours, and the whole squadron was conveyed into Ramsay Bay by the captors.'

"Train quotes further from a writer in the *Scots' Magazine* for February 1760:—'On receipt of the news of Thurôt being brought into Ramsay Bay on Thursday last, I went there to see the ships. On getting on board the 'Bellisle,' I was struck with astonishment; turn which way I would nothing but scattered limbs and dead and dying men met my view. The decks and sides of the ships could only be compared to a slaughter-house, there being nearly two hundred men killed on board the 'Bellisle,' beside what the other two ships lost. The French must have plundered all before them at Carrickfergus, for I saw one of them stript who had eight womens' shifts on him. They had plenty of children's clothes, shoes, caps, ruffles, buttons, thimbles, and pins, with a store of grey yarn. The English seamen looked upon the French as a parcel of poltroons, by their behaviour.'

"Thurôt is described in the *Scots' Magazine* as being about thirty years of age, of a low size, well made, having lively black eyes, and a fresh com-

plexion, and as being of a frank, humane, and affable disposition. The naval engagement in which this adventurer lost his life has often been described by historians. They all agree in stating that he was killed early in the action, and that he was thrown overboard; but none of them seem to be aware that his corpse was thrown ashore on the lands of Mochrum, in Galloway, and that he was interred in a small cemetery hard by the margin of the sea. I have conversed with several persons who, from the heights of Galloway, witnessed the action between Elliot and Thuròt, some of whom conveyed the remains of the unfortunate commodore to his last resting-place.

"The following particulars were communicated to me by the Rev. James Black, minister of the parish of Penningham in Wigtownshire, who witnessed the engagement, and who followed Thuròt's funeral to the churchyard :—

"'The French ships, as already mentioned, were at anchor near the offing at the entrance of the Bay of Luce, when Elliot's squadron bore round the Mull, and attempted to embay them. But the French commander instantly weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, in the direction of the Isle of Man. Ere he had sailed a league from the Scotch coast, however, he was overtaken by the English squadron, when a

brisk fire commenced, which soon obscured both fleets in a dense cloud of smoke.

" 'Every consecutive tide, for two or three days after the action, cast a number of dead bodies ashore on the coast of Galloway. Among the last thus thrown up by the influx of the sea, was that of the French commander, whose remains were easily distinguished from the others, by the silk-velvet carpet in which they were sewed up. Some historians say he was thrown overboard by mistake; but, from the circumstance of his having thus been sewed up in his cabin carpet, I think that unlikely. It appeared that he had been attired in his full dress of Commodore when the engagement commenced, as his remains were clothed with all the insignia of his rank as a naval officer. He was identified most particularly by marks on his linen, and by a silver tobacco-box, with his name in full engraved on the lid.

" 'The remains of this gallant young seaman were removed from the beach to the house of a person in the vicinity, who, acting under the direction of Sir William Maxwell of Monreath, the lord of the manor, invited every respectable person in that quarter to the funeral. Sir William himself acted as chief mourner, and laid the head of that distinguished individual in the grave.'

"The carpet in which the corpse was sewed, was for a long time kept at Monreith House, and my informant supposes it to be there still. The tobacco-box was presented by Sir William Maxwell to the victorious Elliot, in whose family it is yet an heir-loom. Thurôt's watch, which fell into the hands of one of Sir William's domestics, is now in the possession of a person in Castle-Douglas.

"How these circumstances, so honourable to Sir William Maxwell, and so interesting to historians, as filling up a blank in the history of that period, did not find their way into any of the public journals of the day, and thence get placed on record, is a question which I am now unable to solve."—Vol. II., pp. 326-327.

In 1846 Train published another work, entitled, "*The Buchanites, from first to last.*" This work gives a very interesting account of that peculiar sect, evincing great research on the part of the author.

In 1848 he published a poem in the *Scottish Journal*, entitled "The Wild Scot of Galloway;" and in a letter to a friend, dated Lochvale, July 23d, he says, "Fifty years have elapsed between the publication of the Wild Scot of Galloway and the Ducking of the Dominie, my first attempt at authorship. That little poem was descriptive of a *fracas* which

occurred in Kyle, when a local schoolmaster, in 1798, was enrolling the names of the young men liable to be balloted to serve in the Ayrshire militia.

"Great opposition was offered to the Dominie by the females of the district, and more especially by the miller's wife and her daughters, who proceeded so far as to duck the schoolmaster and his official papers in the mill-dam, and thereafter pelt him with stones as he strove to escape. This was the humorous groundwork of my poem, which was calculated more to excite mirth than provoke ridicule."

The later years of Train's life were spent quietly and happily, enjoying the occasional company of some early friend, and relating his adventures among the wild hills, which were as interesting as they were numerous.

But unfortunately there was no Boswellian friend to note and record them for the benefit of posterity.

Lochvale cottage was the resort of all *savans* of the West of Scotland, when nothing would delight the old man more than to go over his relics, and relate every circumstance connected with them, and what labour and anxiety he had endured in the search for them.

But his hour had come; the 7th of December 1852, numbered Joseph Train with the dead. At

peace with all men, and in the hope of future happiness, the antiquary fell asleep. We cannot close our memoir of Joseph Train without a few remarks on his character.

We find him beginning life as a weaver, poor and uneducated, yet possessed with an innate desire of bettering his condition. Yet still with a mind unruffled, he pressed onward amid the many stumbling-blocks which are cast in the way of the poor. He was beset with enemies, who failed not on every opportunity to probe every little wound and augment every trivial distress to more than its original weight.

There were many who thought to crush the poor lad, because he possessed not what the world calls nobility; but he was not to be crushed.

We find him in a higher position after the lapse of years—the friend of the greatest man of the age —yet still the humble and unpretending man.

In Joseph Train's character we can trace great prudence. He was aware that he was endowed with a genius as great as his tastes, and, like the celebrated Delta, he resolved to make literary pursuits his amusement, not his business. An inconsiderate and imprudent man, encouraged as Train was, would have thrown aside everything for the pursuit of literature; but our antiquary knew his weight.

We have traced him from his earliest days not as a great man, but as a worthy man, enduring many privations, yet still with unruffled mind defying it to deprive him of happiness.

To those who knew him, and to those who respect humble worth, we dedicate this memorial of the Galloway antiquary.

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